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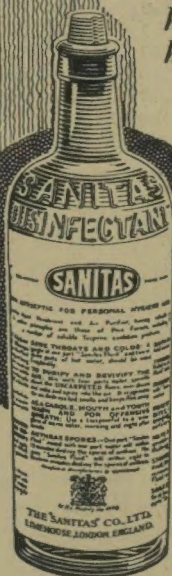
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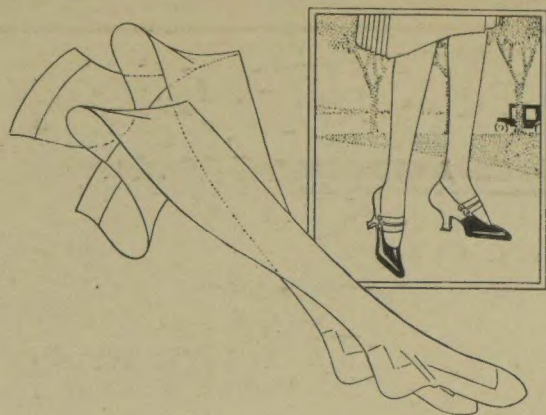


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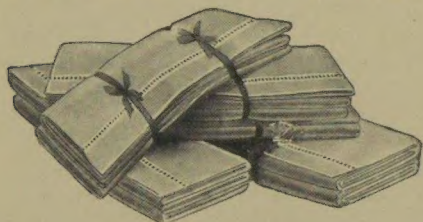
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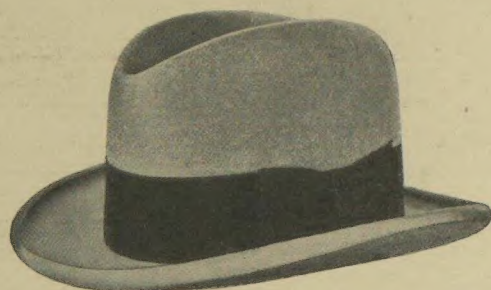
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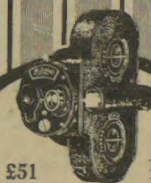


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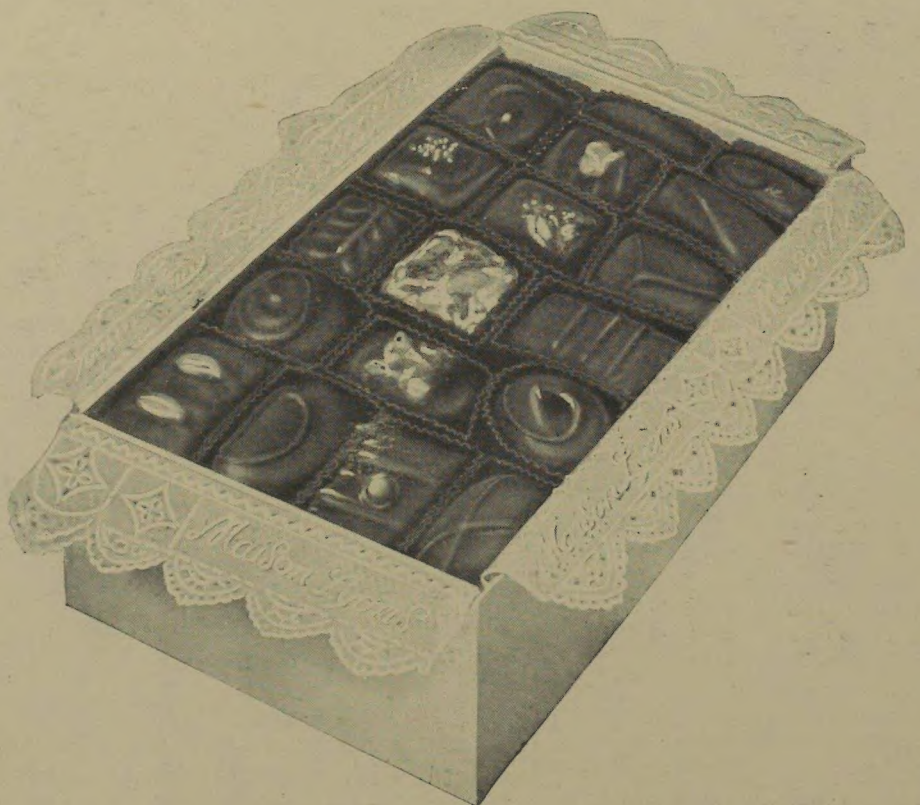
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REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1926.

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## THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL "RIDDLE" OF THE SPHINX SOLVED BY EXCAVATION: THE MONUMENT AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY WITH THE PAWS UNCOVERED, AND BETWEEN THEM A ROMAN ALTAR OF SACRIFICE TO THE SUN-GOD.

The dangerous condition of the great Sphinx of Giza, by the Pyramids, compelled the Egyptian Antiquities Service to undertake its repair and consolidation, and the work has been skilfully executed, under M. Baraize, without altering its design or proportions. Though some think that it has lost some of its mystery, the clearance of the sand from the base has revealed the sculptor's original conception and many facts of its later history. In the centre of the above photograph, between the paws, is the altar on which the Romans sacrificed to the

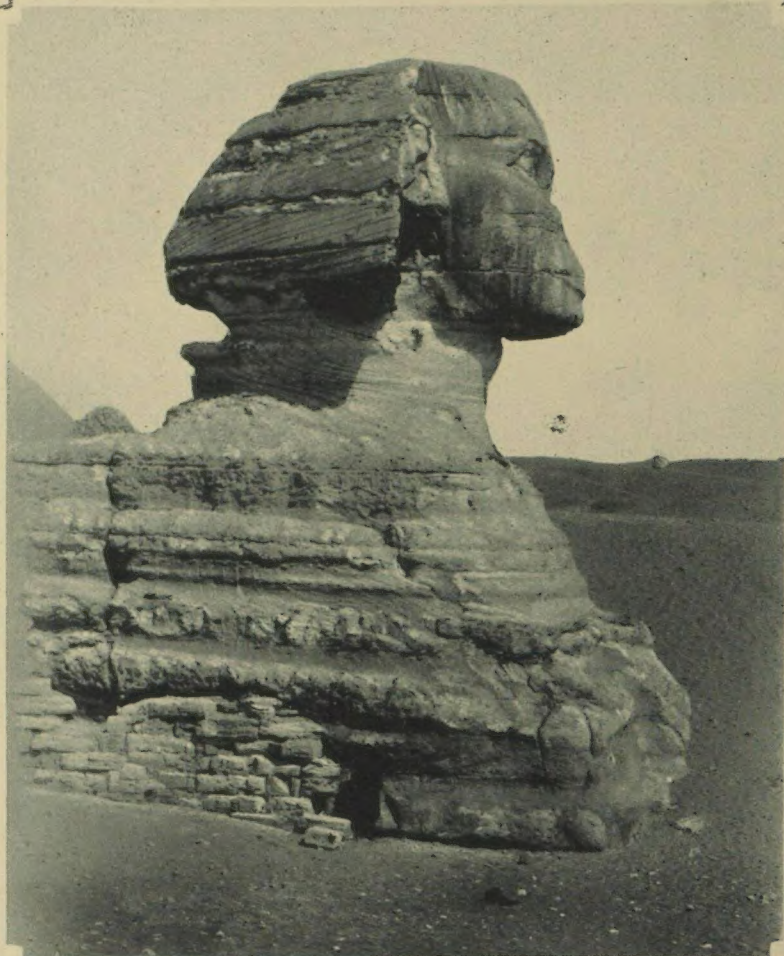
Sun-god. Beyond is the commemorative tablet erected by Thothmes IV., and above it, in the middle of the lower ridge of the breast, is a plinth on which stood a statue of the King. The small stones forming the toes were not on the original effigy, but were added by Thothmes and the Ptolemies, thus spoiling the elegant proportions. The famous "riddle" belongs to Greek, not Egyptian, legend. The Greek Sphinx ("the strangling one") propounded a riddle and murdered all who failed to guess it. Œdipus solved it, and the Sphinx slew herself.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE "TIMES." (SEE FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ON SUCCEEDING PAGES.)

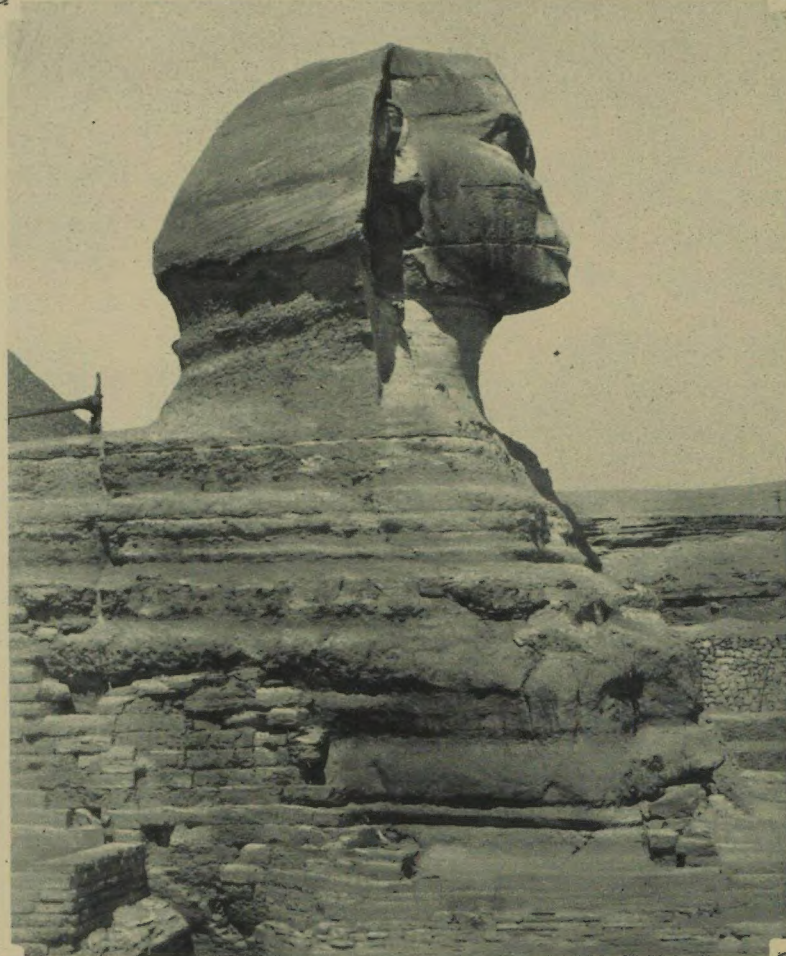


# A DISASTER PREVENTED: THE SPHINX SAVED FROM COLLAPSE.

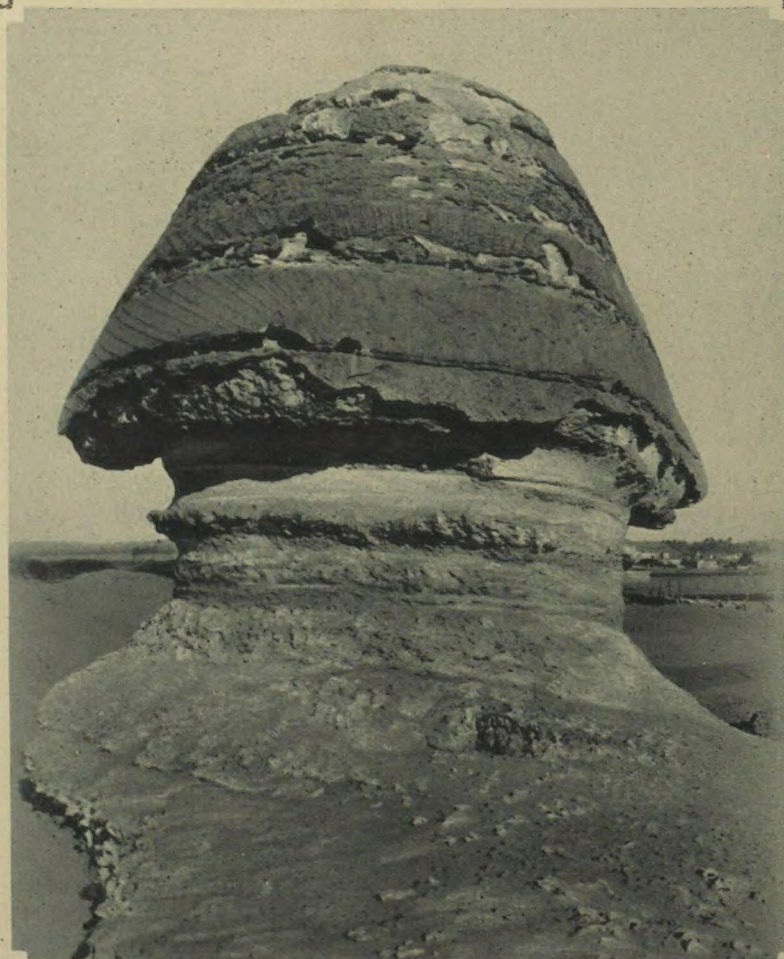
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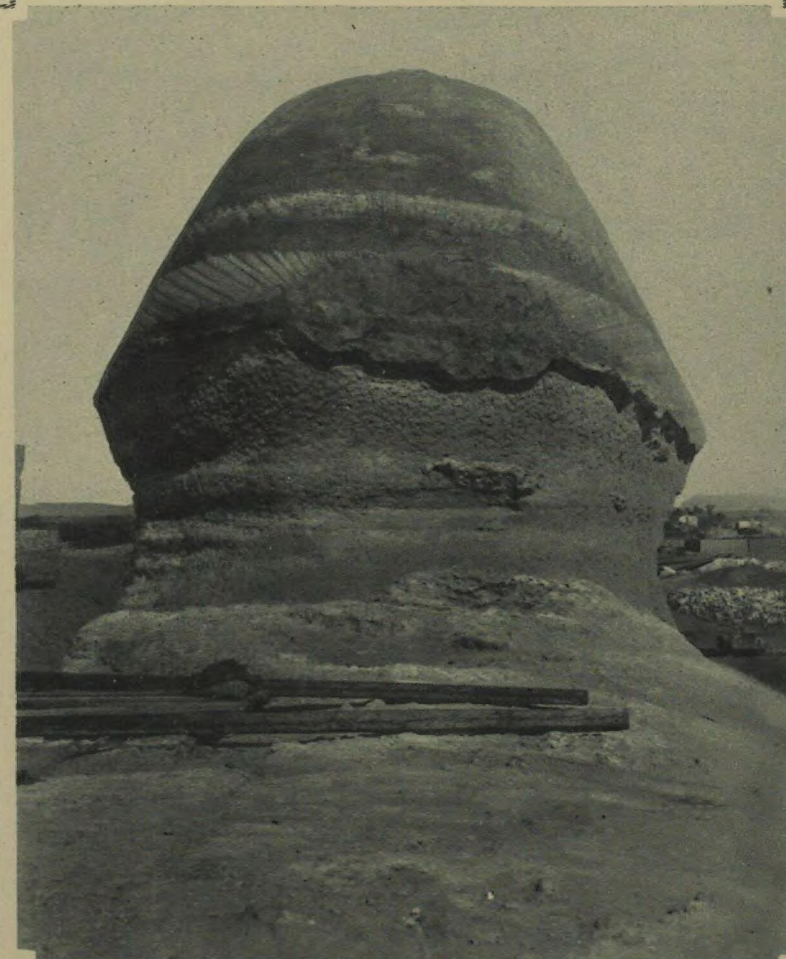
BEFORE THE EXCAVATIONS AND REPAIRS: THE SPHINX AS IT WAS FORMERLY, DILAPIDATED AND HALF-BURIED IN SAND—SEEN IN PROFILE.



AFTER THE EXCAVATIONS AND REPAIRS: THE SAME PROFILE VIEW OF THE SPHINX—SHOWING PART OF THE BASE CLEARED FROM AGE-LONG ACCUMULATIONS OF SAND.



"DRIFTING SAND HAD MADE SUCH AN INROAD INTO THE BACK OF THE NECK THAT THE GREAT WEIGHT OF THE HEAD MIGHT CAUSE IT TO TOPPLE": THE BACK OF THE SPHINX'S HEAD BEFORE THE REPAIRS.



"MASONRY HAS BEEN BUILT INTO THE BACK OF THE NECK TO PREVENT FURTHER EROSION AND MAINTAIN THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY": THE BACK OF THE SPHINX'S HEAD AFTER THE REPAIRS.

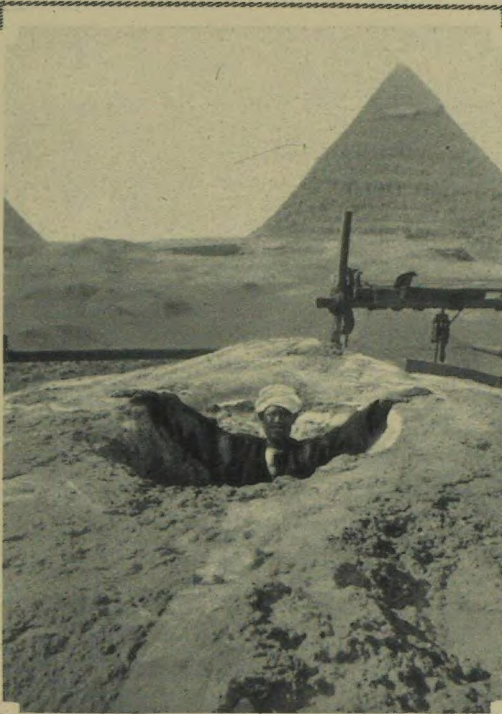
After Maspero's excavation of 1886, sand again silted up the Sphinx, until only the head and shoulders could be seen. "In addition [says the "Times"]], pieces began to fall from the head. The beard had already disappeared long ago. Soon after the last excavation part of the head-dress fell off, and a more recent examination showed that the drifting sand had made such an inroad into the back of the neck that it was evident that before long the great weight of the head might cause it to break loose and topple over forward. . . . The face has been left untouched, but the head, which was in an exceedingly bad condition, has been skilfully treated. Huge cavities and cracks appeared in the head-dress,

part of which, together with the back of the neck, had been completely eroded, while on the left-hand side of the head there was a deep gash. All these cracks have been filled with lime. Two pieces of the head-dress were found on the ground after the clearance. These were cemented again into place, but, as the head-dress itself was in a very fragile condition just above the joins, it has had to be built up on either side with masonry. Similarly masonry has been built into the back of the neck to prevent further erosion and maintain the centre of gravity, but the traces of the pattern of the head-dress have been preserved everywhere."



# THE SPHINX BEFORE AND AFTER EXCAVATION: SECRETS REVEALED.

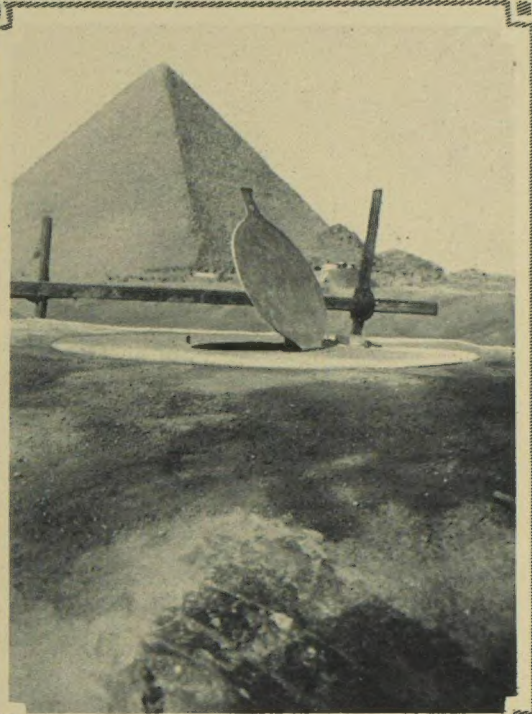
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES" (SEE ALSO THE FRONT PAGE).



1. DUG BY ANCIENT TREASURE-SEEKERS: A HUGE HOLE IN THE CROWN OF THE SPHINX'S HEAD, LARGE ENOUGH FOR A MAN.



2. PROVING THAT THE NEW REPAIRS HAVE NOT ALTERED THE PAWS: A RARE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER MASPERO'S EXCAVATION IN 1886.



3. NOW FIXED OVER THE HOLE IN THE HEAD (NO. 1): AN IRON CLAPPER, REMOVABLE, AND INVISIBLE FROM BELOW.



4. AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS: THE SPHINX IN A DILAPIDATED CONDITION—ITS GREAT SIZE SHOWN BY THE FIGURE OF A MAN AT THE BASE.



5. AFTER THE EXCAVATIONS: THE SPHINX COMPLETE (150 FT. LONG BY 70 FT. HIGH)—SHOWING THE PAWS AND A PORTION OF THE PROTECTIVE ROMAN WALL (EXTREME RIGHT).



6. CARVED WITH A KNEELING KING (RIGHT) AND PLAITED HAIRS (LEFT): FRAGMENTS OF THE SPHINX'S FALLEN BEARD, FOUND IN 1817 AND NOW PIECED TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME.



7. CUT IN ROUGH STONE (ABOVE) BY THE ORIGINAL SCULPTOR, AND REPRODUCED IN CHISILLED STONE (BELOW) BY THOTHMES IV. AND PTOLEMAIC RESTORERS: A TOE-NAIL OF ONE OF THE HIND-PAWS.

Our photographs illustrate the new repairs to the Sphinx, as described recently in the "Times." "In the crown of the head," we read, "there is an enormous hole made anciently by vandals who believed that there was a cache of treasure inside. It has not been filled in, but merely covered with an iron clapper. . . . Allegations that the . . . repair work has seriously altered the proportions and the design are absolutely untrue. . . . A comparison of the Sphinx as it appears to-day with its appearance after Maspero's excavation just forty years ago (photograph No. 2) shows how unjustified is the criticism. . . . The excavation has disclosed protective walls (No. 5) constructed round the edge of the hollow

by the Romans, and a similar wall at a lower level set up by Maspero. . . . The pedestal in the middle of the chest originally had a statue of the King, on to whose head the beard flowed. . . . From fragments now put together (it appears) that the beard had, engraved on either side, the figure of a king, probably Thothmes IV., kneeling. . . . A most interesting feature now disclosed was the manner in which the toe-nails of the hind-legs had been depicted on the stone by the original sculptor, and reproduced respectively in finer and coarser stone by Thothmes and Ptolemaic restorers. . . . The base had enormous cavities cut by early excavators who believed there was a secret passage under the Sphinx."





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SHOULD like to ask in all humility why it is that novelists talk nonsense when they begin to theorise, or, in other words, to think? I really do not mean it in any supercilious spirit, and that for all sorts of adequate reasons. Nobody can say I am a novelist; nobody, at least, who has tried to read my novels. The novelist can do something very splendid which I cannot do at all—something that may well be much more splendid than theorising or thinking: he can call up living souls out of the void; he can make another world which is something more than a mirror of this one; he can give to fancy the positive solidity of fact. And as I am not setting myself up against the novelist, or setting myself up as a novelist, neither am I specially setting myself up as a thinker. I do not mean that I profess to be a subtle metaphysician who can trace the paradoxes of Einstein in the most abstruse abstractions of Aquinas. I mean by thinking, ordinary thinking; putting two and two together and not thinking they make three. I mean not contradicting flatly at the end of a sentence what you have stated positively at the start. I mean having some notion of the obvious answer that an ordinary opponent would make to any remark. I mean beginning at the beginning, and knowing you cannot begin before the beginning. I mean having some test of the truth or falsehood of anything, and knowing what it is. I mean something which, one would fancy, could be taught to a child as easily as the alphabet; only that in this respect the most highly cultivated persons seem to be illiterates.

And among the worst of these, for some reason or other, are those whose minds are, for one reason or another, fixed upon fiction. I mean not only the novelists, but even more, I think, the critics concerned with the novelists; what we may call the fiction-fanciers. There is something in the way in which these novel-writers and novel-readers approach any abstract question which is utterly anarchical. People talk about the novel with a purpose, and say that the novelist should not be a moralist. Perhaps the real reason why the novelist should not be a moralist is that he makes such a very silly moralist; and never sillier than when he is an immoralist. I have just seen an example of what I mean in a very interesting article in a famous American magazine about a famous American novelist. The article is named, upon a truly national note, "How Big is Dreiser?" I fear I am not alone among English people in being wholly ignorant of how big is Dreiser. Except for a few Englishmen who write very interestingly on the subject, such as Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. J. C. Squire, not many of us who read books read even a reasonable number of American books. But I am quite ready to believe, upon the word of Mr. Mencken and other very intelligent people, that Dreiser is very big indeed.

I cannot say that I am filled with a passion of longing to read Mr. Dreiser, even from the descriptions given by men like Mr. Mencken. It is no doubt my fault, but somehow they seem to fail to make him superlatively attractive. Mr. Charles R. Walker, in the article of which I speak (which is in the American *Bookman*), gravely tells me that the first Dreiser novel covers five hundred and fifty printed pages,

and adds "That is a short book for him." Mr. Walker, a warm admirer of Dreiser, then goes on to say: "No one among the hostile critics has thought out a sufficiently damning injunction against Dreiser's style. . . . It is a great grey sea of flat phrases, clichés, grammatical errors, and broken-backed sentences." Mr. Mencken, a yet more ardent and enthusiastic Dreiserite, says that the Dreiser style is as "flat as dish-water." One may be excused for not exactly leaping up and rushing down the street to find five hundred and fifty pages of clichés as flat as dish-water. But I am perfectly willing to believe that there are things to be admired when all these

novelist is presented as a philosopher:—"Theodore Dreiser is an individualist, a lover of the variety of life, its colour, strength, passion, its material goods. He is also intensely troubled by its injustices, its pathetic instances of cruelty to the weak, ignorant, and unprotected. . . . He is for ever troubled, delighted, and a little amazed, like a child seeing things for the first time. For convention, for current moralities, for arbitrary statements of right and wrong, he hasn't much use. He sums it all up: 'Life seems to prove but one thing to me, and that is that the various statements concerning right, truth, justice, wrong, are palaver merely, an earnest and necessitous attempt, perhaps, at balance and equation where all things are so very much unbalanced, paradoxical, and contradictory—the small-change names for a thing or things of which we have not yet caught the meaning.'"

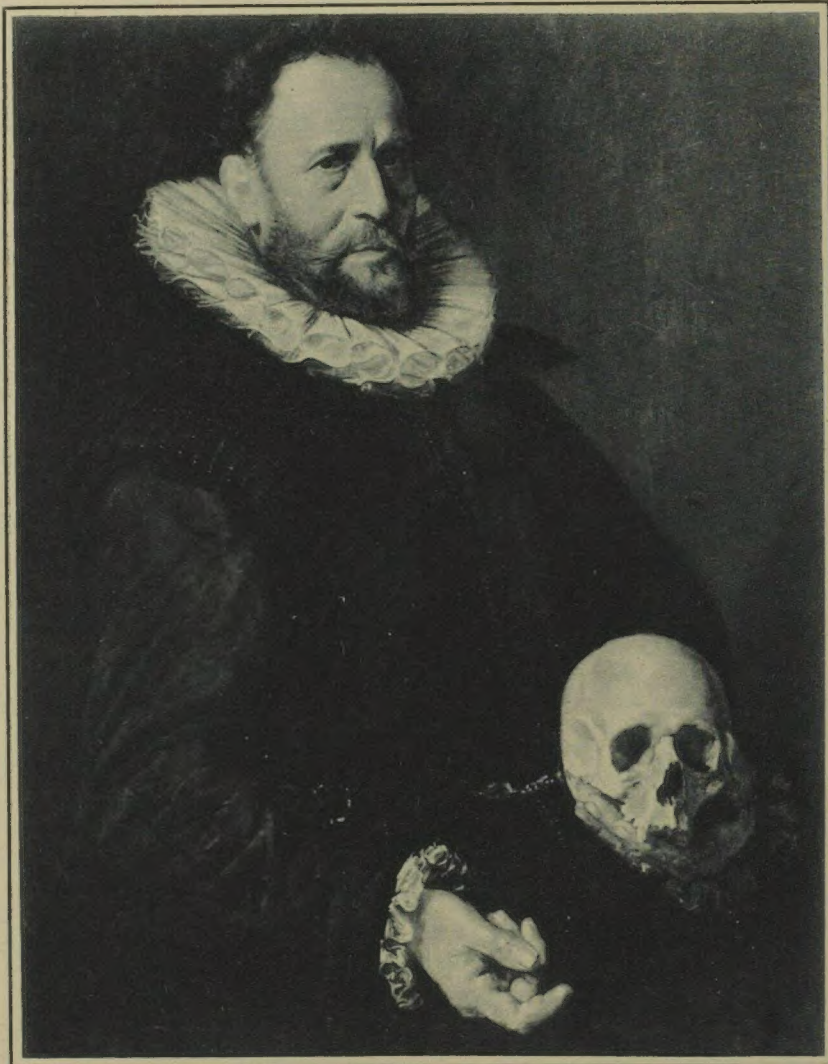
Now it is likely enough that there are many things of which he has not yet caught the meaning, and one is the meaning of the paragraph he has himself written. There are certainly some things that are unbalanced, paradoxical, and contradictory; and among them the opinion here stated is completely contradictory. Even in this short passage Mr. Dreiser, according to Mr. Walker, flatly contradicted himself. If arbitrary statements of right and wrong are no use, if statements concerning justice and wrong are only palaver, how in the world can we be certain that the incidents which happen are injustices? If we have no standard for judging whether anything is right, how on earth can we decide that the world is wrong? If every possible notion about justice is a notion of which we do not know the meaning, is it not barely possible that the incident may also be an incident of which we do not know the meaning? Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Walker between them have completely inverted the very commonsense of thought. They tell a man that he cannot understand what he does understand—his own sense of right and wrong; and then they assume that he must understand what he never can completely understand—the intrinsic significance of something outside him happening to somebody else. We may be wrong in all our ideas of injustice, but we must be right in saying that some isolated incident is unjust. We are to condemn the whole universe by the power of palaver, and curse God with what is only small change.

That is only one of many cases I am constantly coming across of this curious atmosphere in novels and novelists: the combination of wonderful insight into certain moods and tones of manners with a curious confusion and lack of sharpness about the outline of thought. The novelist seems to know

what everybody else feels without knowing what he himself thinks. He can suggest any number of interesting things about everybody, but he cannot make a plain statement about anything. Two things do strike me as curious. The first is that men of such fine and flexible intellect in individual matters should be so slow and sluggish about the whole business of finding the truth or even of how to set about forming an opinion. And the other thing that surprises me is that people should talk so much about a novelist having A Message, and should date so many changes of opinion from the appearance of a popular novel.

things have been admitted. It is at least quite certain that Mr. Mencken and Mr. Walker admire them. I presume they are qualities of character-drawing, and a convincing picture of daily life. But when we come to praising him as a moralist, or an immoralist, or in any sense as a theorist and a thinker, we come upon some astonishing things.

I quote the following passage from this very well-written and obviously very well-informed criticism simply as an example of the sort of thing I mean. I quote it as a case of the sort of philosophy that we are seriously asked to accept when the



A FINE EXAMPLE OF FRANS HALS ABOUT TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER:  
A "PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN." (PANEL, 36 IN. BY 28 IN.)

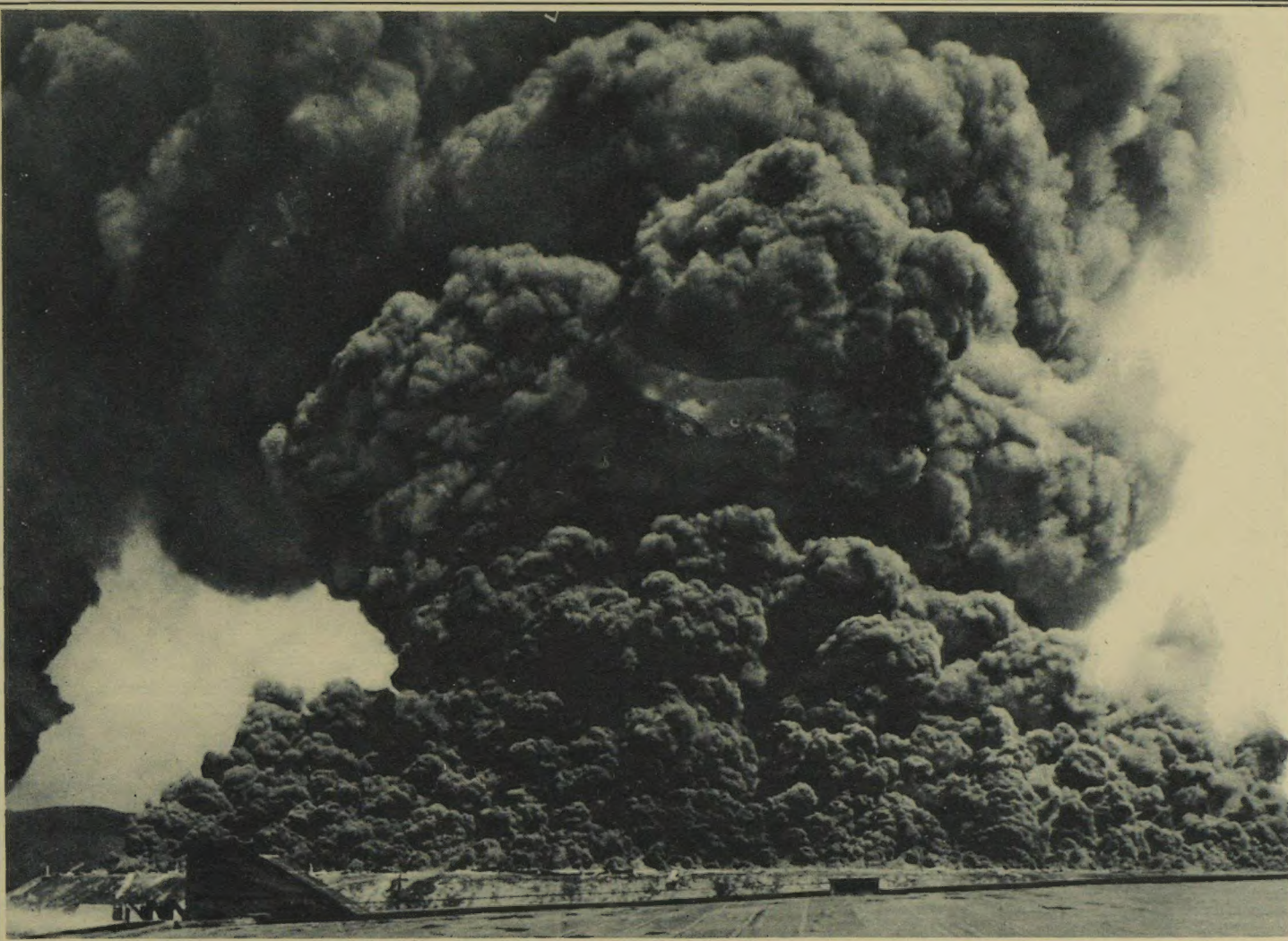
This remarkable "Portrait of a Gentleman" by Frans Hals is included in a sale to be held at Christie's, on May 14, of "important pictures by old masters," the property of the Duke of Leinster, Viscount Hood, and others. The name of the owner of this picture is not stated, and the catalogue does not mention its date and provenance, but references are given to illustrations of it in Dr. Bode's "Frans Hals, His Life and Work" (Vol. I., Plate 42a, Catalogue No. 28), and in Dr. R. H. Valentiner's "Frans Hals," "Klassiker der Kunst," page 4. The skull, and the demonstrating gesture of the right hand, seem to suggest a professor of anatomy, or a Dutch moralist imitating Hamlet.

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IGNITED BY A  
FLASH OF  
LIGHTNING—  
THE SECOND  
SUCH FIRE  
THAT  
OCCURRED  
WITHIN  
24 HOURS.

WHERE THE  
DAMAGE WAS  
ESTIMATED AT  
TWENTY  
MILLION  
DOLLARS: THE  
FIRST OF THE  
GREAT OIL  
FIRES THAT  
RECENTLY  
OCCURRED IN  
CALIFORNIA—  
HUGE  
VOLUMES OF  
SMOKE  
ROLLING UP  
FROM THE  
TANKS AT SAN  
LUIS OBISPO,  
BELIEVED TO  
HAVE BEEN  
SET ON FIRE  
BY LIGHTNING.



A week or two ago the largest and most destructive fire on record in the American oil industry occurred at San Luis Obispo, in California. It began on April 7 at a 300-acre tank farm belonging to the Union Company, and was believed to have been caused by two terrific flashes of lightning. No other explanation could be found for the sudden ignition of four lakes of oil. The flames spread for a mile, and enormous clouds of oily black smoke rolled up hundreds of feet into the air. "The damage," wrote a correspondent of the "Daily Mail" on April 8, "even before the four huge underground reservoirs boiled over into the adjoining tanks, was estimated at £2,000,000. Niagaras of fire swept over the

dyke surrounding the reservoirs, and in irresistible torrents ignited the other reservoirs and several huge tanks. Twenty surface tanks, each of 55,000 barrels capacity, are burning. Each of the reservoirs contained 1,250,000 barrels. Hundreds of men were pressed into service to fight the flames. They erected a huge earthen embankment, in the hope of isolating the damage, but the blazing oil rose above the embankment and spread to the adjoining tanks." The total loss has been estimated at 20,000,000 dollars. Within twenty-hours a second big oil fire, also ascribed to lightning, broke out at Brea, California, 150 miles to the south; but it was checked when the damage amounted only to some 2,000,000 dollars.



## PRECIOUS PLACES : PILGRIMS' WAYS IN THE "CENTRAL KINGDOM."

## "THE SACRED FIVE OF CHINA." By WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL.\*

A LOOF from the holy Seven of the West, from the Seven Champions of Christendom, the Seven Wonders, the Seven Senses, the Seven Bodies in Alchemy, and all the other Sevens perpetuated in the Occidental world, the Chinese kowtows to the magic of the pentad, the mystic Five. He knows five planets, five elements, five natural colours—red, yellow, white, black, and that of Nature, green. There are five constituents of the human frame—

high speed that they cannot take hairpin curves, and may easily dash over the precipices if they are above parapet levels." So to the Pool of the King's Mother, "where spiritual girls were not seen bathing; near the Life-giving Cavern in which magic pills are said to be made; and to the First Gate of Heaven, erected in the 4th Chicken of K'ang Hsi, and 'ink-sprinkled' for identification. Thereabouts some monasteries specialise in tea, branded with the name of the Holy Mountain. There are monks—and there are beggars! "Like the dogs of Constantinople, they have their spheres of influence. In addition to their other virtues, they have a pleasing habit of sitting in the very middle of the Pan road, each with a pan at hand. . . . We found that in our comfortable chair the bearers could go one on each side of the beggar, and we went over him. The beggars are not only persistent, but inventive. They have invented a labour-saving device. Instead of bowing in the Pan Road in all sorts of weather for long periods in uncomfortable attitudes, they make stuffed figures and place them at strategic points along the pilgrim's way to entice cash from the religious."

Thence to Hell Gate and the remainder of the thirty-eight Precious Places before the Second Gate of Heaven; to the Small Gate of Heaven, or True Purpose Portal; across a bridge to Heaven; and so to the top, "where cluster the chief interests of the mountain," "this table-land" on the religious heart of China, where "on behalf of the whole nation, the rulers led their devotions, for 'the 9 territories observed their shadow and looked for mercy'"—the strange no-letter tablet, the monument of Chin, who burned books; and the Temple of Confucius, who wrote them; the Temple of Kuan-Yin, Goddess of Mercy; Temples of departmental goddesses, protectors against the rigours of the Inevitable Pox, the small-pox, guardians of silkworms and of babies; and, especially, the Temple of Pi-hsia, "The Jade Girl, Princess of the Coloured Clouds that Announce the Morning, Maiden of the Blue Glory, the Green Shiver, Nurse of Heaven, daughter of Tai Shan, goddess of the Green Halo." These, to say nothing of that heroic-suicide-provoking Throw-body Precipice, most sinister of the fifty-eight religious sites of the plateau.

So much for the chief of the famous Five. Nan Yo came next; and "the authorised round of ritual along the Holy Path." Here the pilgrims "don an apron, inscribed with 4 characters, 'going to Nan Yo to burn incense,'" and the 8th moon sees the roads humming with the song of the filial and the domestic. Here, too, where sacrifices are by fire, is the renowned Deluge Tablet—for "when fire has water to regulate it, it cannot be tyrannical, but kingly"—one of the most ancient engraved monuments in the land, known for some three thousand years, and still a riddle waiting to be read.

For his task Dr. Geil was armed with a map which had the advantage that "so long as it was on the person, devils, demons, tigers, insects, and all other evil or poisonous creatures could never approach near enough to harm." Incense was everywhere, all-pervading, and the "Incense-guests' obliterated distinctions of rank and wealth for the time being." The traveller attained South Heaven, where the priests supplied the chair-men with intoxicating drinks; but a storm stopped progress to still more beatific heights.

Then: T'eng Feng, the holy city that is at the foot of Sung Shan, "the very omphalos, or navel of the world." Worship is but little in evidence: the temple of the City God houses three priests, and even the old tablets are defiled with obscene drawings—a most uncommon thing in a country with a high code of sexual morality and of decency. Yet in the park of the Chung Yo Miao is a monolith marking the Centre of the Earth; and "the loftiest height is the Central Yo, Hsün Chi, Highest-extremity Peak, whose top is flat, like the canopy of a chariot. The peaks round about are jealous of each other's beauty."

From there to Hua Shan, the Great Flower. Within the town is a splendid temple, Hua Shadow Temple, "said to stand so exactly that at noon the chief building and the main gate are in line with the peak and the sun"; but there is decay in its air and it is much mutilated.

Without are the heights and their glories and their sights—the Bulge of Green Boughs, Pretty Girl, Water-lily, Soaring Swallow Peak, Bright-Star-Jade-Girl, who swallowed Jade-broth until she ascended to heaven in

broad daylight; and that Fur Girl whose grotto commemorates "a palace lady in the days of Ch'in-the-Terrible, who retired hither . . . and dieted herself on pine-needles and mountain-water, with the result that she became covered with a thick green down, and was naturally much sought after." With many another, notably the abodes of fairies akin to those controlled by the White Emperor; the caves of hermits, students of the Method of Avoiding Food, content to live on "stone dust" and "morning mist"; the cliff "priest-holes" of perplexed politicians seeking to Avoid Trouble in a more or less invulnerable "Chiltern Hundreds"; a Precipice-of-Suicides; and the Golden Palace Temple, at the summit, with its uncompromising declaration: "The Right Place to Worship the White Spirit," and its throngs of Incense-burners: "not only strong men, but even women who have painfully hauled themselves up by the iron chains, planting their poor bound feet in the little niches specially cut for them." To which, as asterisked sights, must be added the Mammoth Stone Head of Hua Shan, and "Holy Stove Temple, otherwise known as Master Lao's Furnace for Preparing the Elixir. . . . The peculiarity of this temple is that coins are treated in the Holy Stove, bathed in Holy Smoke, and sold at about their weight in gold, to be hung round the necks of children, 'so that they cannot get sick.' . . . But that is not the only service rendered by the Holy Stove; here the Pills of Immortality are prepared in a cauldron heated by the magic furnace of the temple."

So to strategic H'eng Shan. "How lovely to compose literatures, and materials sufficient to illustrate the truth about this mountain"; yet it must suffice to name it as completing The Five—and, truth to tell, since the Emperor Shun (the Emperor who originated the use of the cane for schoolboys!) worshipped at a distance, it has much declined in merit. Perhaps in remembrance of Shun, the Temple is now a school which teaches the new learning—and has within its yard a sign of the times, in the shape of a notice of the Natural Feet Branch Association. Dr. Geil went up the mountain, as in duty bound, and was sufficiently rewarded by pursuing the course of the Brook of God, seeing the Hang-in-Air Temple, and noting that the sacred road seemed less attractive and more industrial than the secular. "26 places are listed, but who visits them? At the main temple only four priests find precarious subsistence." There is a red gate, giving access to the Office for Meeting Fairies. There was nothing to be seen but variegated stones. "The summit of the mountain is left to Nature, especially cows."



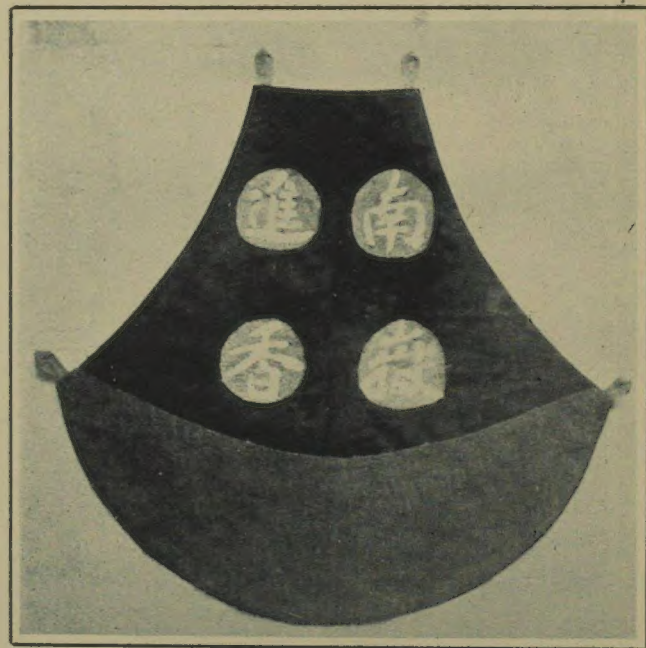
THE PILGRIMS' WAY UP THE CHIEF OF THE "SACRED FIVE OF CHINA": THE GREAT PAN ROAD—LOOKING DOWN IT FROM STONE TEMPLE.

muscle, vein, flesh, bone, skin-and-hair. There are five directions—East, South, Centre, West, and North—five classics, five cardinal virtues, five punishments, five stripes in the Republican flag, and so on, through a forest of Fives, even to the sacred Quincunx of Hills.

With these we are concerned. They are: Tai Shan, Green Peak-of-the-East; Nan Yo, Red Peak-of-the-South; Sung Shan, Yellow Peak-of-the-Centre; Hua Shan, White Peak-of-the-West; and H'eng-Shan, Black Peak-of-the-North. On each of these Dr. Geil followed the pilgrims' way—that he might pen his fifth work on the Central Kingdom, dating it "5th sun of the 5th moon of the 5th year after visiting the Sacred 5 of China." On each he found lore and legend, adventure and beauty and wisdom. "I am only a guest writing a few words in the presence of the Eternal Mountains, recording the unchanging thought of a traveller," he quotes from Ching Jih-chên; but he needs not that celestial humility which says: "At least it will be useful to light a fire." The eye of this single man did not miss much, and it is well that he has set down: "I have undertaken the labour of seeing this book to completion, and have the privilege of inscribing my name at the end, like a fly on a fleet horse's tail."

The journeying began at the foot of the most worshipful Tai Shan, "in Tai An, City of Peace, 'an incense urn' whose sides enclose Tai Miao, the Temple, 'with its 5 south gates, its courtyard like a village fair, full of booths for trinkets, amulets, maps of the Shan, guide-books, magic maps, rubbings of the tablets, with its peep-shows and its dancing-girls.'"

Then the ascent—in five stages—to the summit, which is "an island in the sky" fit for the adoration of Shang Ti, the Supreme God. "The track lies over stones pounded by the ceaseless tramp of centuries. . . . Basket-chairs carry the aged or the proud, the tourist tramps with his leathern boot, the pilgrim bares his feet on the holy ground, or still more humbly climbs on his knees." This from the Heaven Gate and by the wonderful paved Pan Road, winding upwards for miles, possibly "planned on the crooked, in order to baulk evil spirits, who travel at such



USED WHEN MAKING A PILGRIMAGE UP NAN YO TO BURN INCENSE: A PILGRIM APRON INSCRIBED WITH CHARACTERS MEANING "GOING TO NAN YO TO BURN INCENSE."

Reproductions from Photographs by Dr. W. E. Geil, from "The Sacred Five of China," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. John Murray.

Disappointment, indeed; but, after all, Dr. Geil cannot grumble. Attuned to the fascinations of the Five, responding to their poetry, their symbolism, the legends that halo them, the famous men who have trod their paths and rejoiced in their solitudes, he travelled wisely and well.

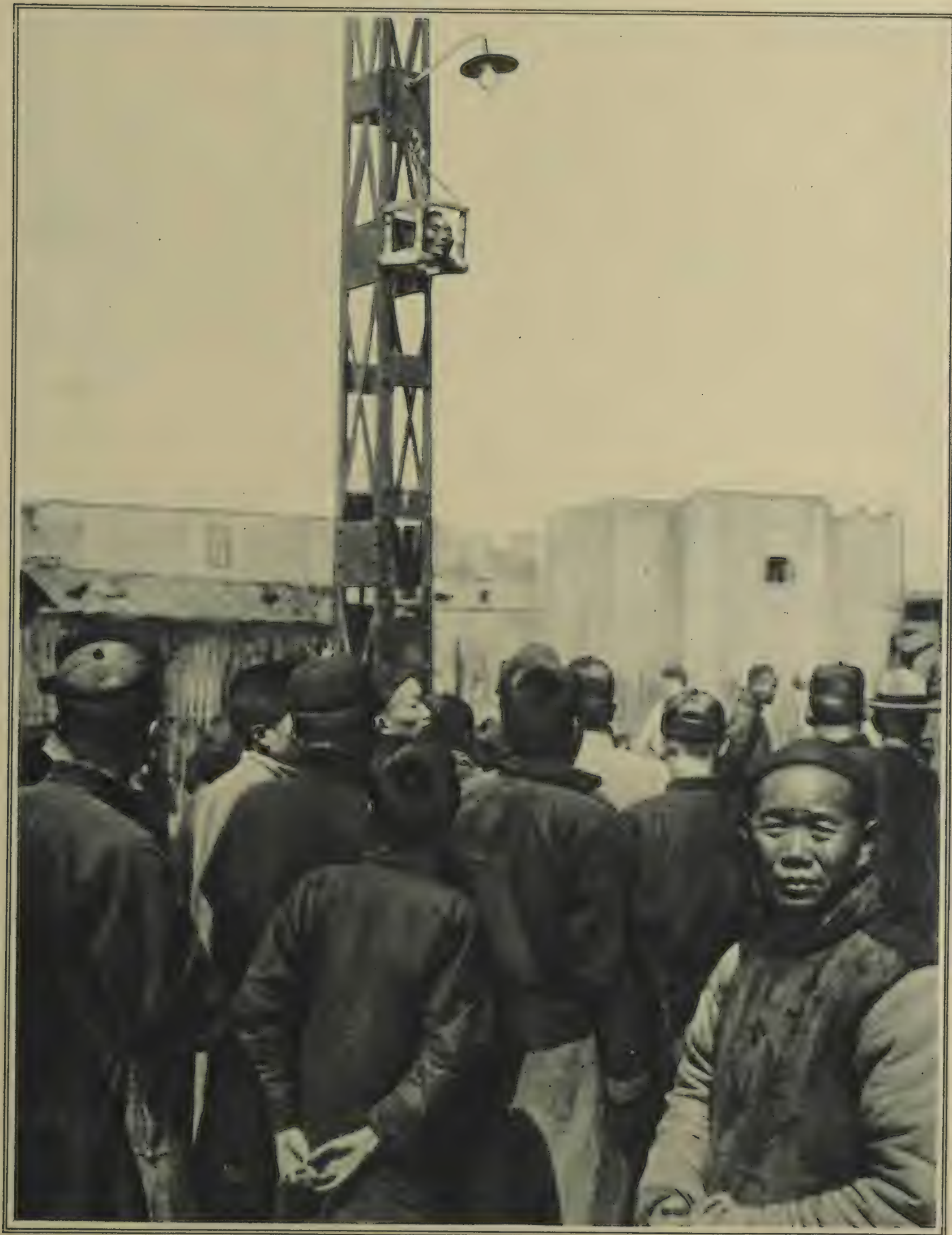
Li Yung had it of Hua Shan: "Although to omit duplications and supply defects should be the work of some high-grade scholar, nevertheless, in looking at a leopard through a bamboo, while one sees only a spot, yet it is a spot. In like manner through this book may the reader get a glimpse of the true." The later author may rest fearless: emphatically it is more than one spot the reader sees, and every glimpse is true. E. H. G.

\* "The Sacred Five of China." By William Edgar Geil, M.A., Litt.D., Author of "The Great Wall of China," "A Yankee on the Yangtze," etc. Illustrated. (John Murray; 24s. net.)



## MEDIÆVAL METHODS AND MODERN APPLIANCES IN REPUBLICAN CHINA.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT HANKOW.



IN IMITATION OF DAYS WHEN TRAITORS' HEADS WERE EXHIBITED ON WALLS, GATES, AND BRIDGES: AN ELECTRIC-LIGHT STANDARD BEARING THE "CAGED" HEAD OF AN EXECUTED CHINESE GENERAL, AT HANKOW.

Our photograph exemplifies dramatically the manner in which life is led in the chaotic Chinese Republic, a great part of which is a mass of warring factions; and it has additional interest, from the points of view of the historian and the antiquary, in that it shows the persistence in modern times of a mediæval method. Where it was customary in the Middle Ages to exhibit

the heads of traitors and criminals on walls, on gates, and on bridges, the Chinese are using the very modern electric-light standard for the purpose. The general whose head is shown publicly exhibited in Hankow was executed by order of Marshal Wu Pei-Fu, on the ground that he had attempted to extort money from the president of the local Chinese Chamber of Commerce.



# LIFE IN A FAR EASTERN LAND OF TROUBLED "AWAKENING."

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY MARY MACLEOD (MRS. R. N. MACLEOD). BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND THE ALPINE CLUB GALLERY. ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



"THE BAND AT A WEDDING."



"A MASTER OF WEDDING CEREMONIES."



"A CARPENTER"  
(HOL TAI).



"ACROBATIC TROUPE" (III).



"THE WRITING LESSON."



"TWO LITTLE GIRLS."



"STAGE HERO RETURNING FROM A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN."

The main portion of Mrs. Macleod's notable exhibition, which has just closed, at the Alpine Club Gallery, consisted of a series of pictures under the heading "China and the Chinese"—a subject of outstanding interest at the present time. The much-discussed "awakening" of China is proving more troubled than her age-long "sleep." The chaos has been such that a message from Peking, on April 22, stated: "The arrival of Chang Hsueh-liang, the son of Chang Tso-lin, and other Manchurian generals this morning, is more than

timely, for the establishment of some sort of authority is essential. . . . The situation is complicated by the fact that different leaders are appointing different men to the same posts, possibly through misunderstanding. A provisional Government to carry on the administration is urgently required pending a clear pronouncement of policy by the two principals—Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin." Later, it was stated that Chang Hsueh-liang and another general were going to Tientsin to renew hostilities against the Kuominchun [Continued opposite.



# "CHINA AND THE CHINESE": STRIKING STUDIES BY A WOMAN ARTIST.

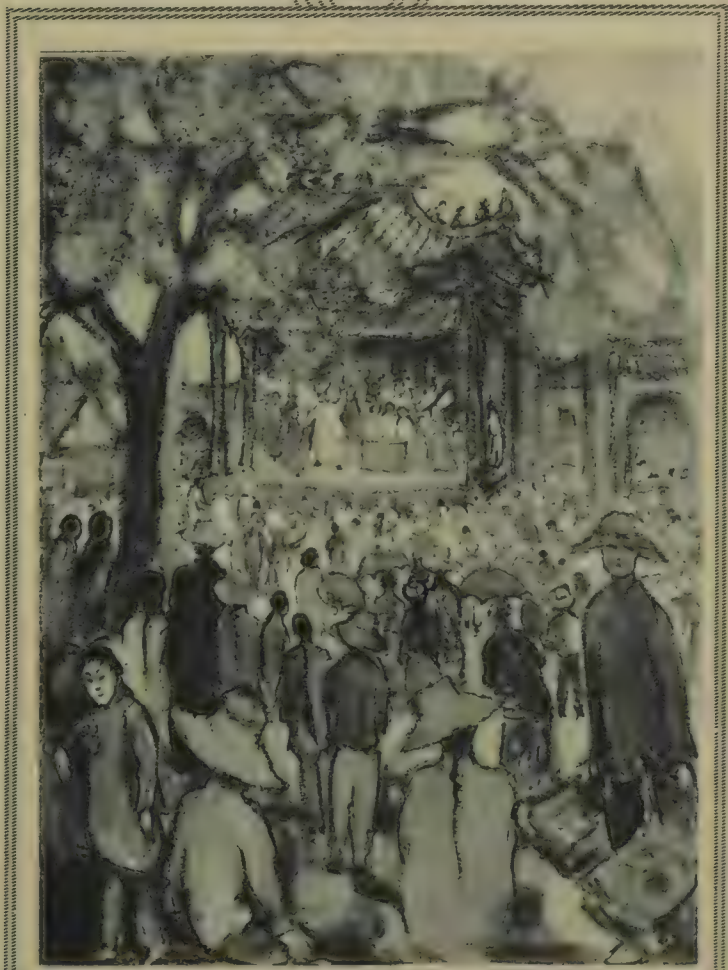
FROM THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY MARY MACLEOD (MRS. R. N. MACLEOD). BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND THE ALPINE CLUB GALLERY. ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



"A DANCING GIRL."



"A CHINESE RIALTO, NAZIANG."



"OPEN-AIR THEATRE, WEIHAIWEI."



"SUNG MEI, DAUGHTER OF ZEE HAI-DOO."

*Continued.*  
(National) armies—the forces of the "Red" General Feng, which were driven out of Peking a few weeks ago. In the absence of any further detail about the above pictures beyond their titles, it may be of value to note that an interesting description of Chinese social life, marriage, education, amusements, and so on, is to be found in "The Civilisation of China," by Professor Herbert A. Giles, a volume in the Home University Library. "The Chinese stage," he writes, "has no curtain; and the orchestra is on the stage itself, behind the actors. There

is no prompter and no call-boy. Stage footmen wait at the sides to carry in screens, small tables, and an odd chair or two, to represent houses, city walls, and so on. . . . Dead people get up and walk off the stage. . . . There is no interval between one play and the next, which probably gave rise to the erroneous belief that Chinese plays are long. . . . The streets of a Chinese city offer other shows. An acrobat, a rope-dancer, or a conjurer will take up a pitch in the middle of the road. A theatrical stage will sometimes completely block a street."



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

DOES the life of action or the life of thought produce the more interesting kind of literature? It is a question of the reader's own taste and temperament. Personally, I enjoy books of travel or history, but, as regards outdoor pursuits available to everyone, I prefer practice to theory, and for mental recreation I turn rather to the things of the mind. In some subjects, of course, the mental and the physical interests are united.

The life of a famous English musician, in which music, though naturally predominating, is by no means the only motif, is told in "HUBERT PARRY: HIS LIFE AND WORKS," by Charles L. Graves; illustrated; two volumes (Macmillan; 30s. net). This is an example of that union of interests to which I have referred, for, as Mr. Graves says, Parry "touched life and letters at so many points—as an athlete and lover of all games, an expert and fearless yachtsman, a country gentleman, landlord and magistrate, a student of natural history and philosophy, an omnivorous reader." To this catalogue of his activities might be added the fact that he was a reckless motorist—a trait which led to "hair-raising" incidents. As an impenitent pedestrian, I am not in sympathy with him there, but that is a minor matter. I find in the book the presentment of a big-hearted and forceful personality, as well as a chronicle of many interesting friendships, not only with other well-known musicians, but with celebrities in general.

His diary for January 1892 contains, for instance, an account of his visit to Tennyson (who died in the following October), and describes the poet's talk—"not mealy-mouthed"—and his peculiar "sing-song" intonation in reading aloud. "If I had heard him read before I read his books," writes Parry, "I never should have thought him capable of such exquisite effects. . . . Of Browning he [Tennyson] said: 'It's strange: Browning was a musical man, and understood music, but there's no music in his verse. Now I am unmusical and I don't understand music, but I know there's music in my verse.' . . . It is the most old-fashioned house I ever saw [says Parry], with dim candle-lamps in the passages, four-poster beds, hundreds of Mrs. Cameron's photographs, ugly wall-papers, and early Victorian furniture."

Sir Hubert Parry had in him a strong dash of the social philosopher. "He was never more moved than when speaking of the possibilities of music in connection with the reform of criminals or wastrels. . . . Viewing his life as a whole, one recognises his conviction that Art was not an end in itself, but a means to help humanity and ameliorate the lot of mankind. . . . Art in his view, as in that of G. F. Watts, could not be divorced from morality." It is hardly surprising, then, that he did not hit it off with the prophet of "Art for Art's sake"—Oscar Wilde. After some days of his company in a house-party at Wilton, where Wilde "talked incessantly—mostly blather," Parry records: "By the end of his visit I thoroughly detested him."

Another book with musical associations that I have found very entertaining is "PIANO AND GOWN," by Fred E. Weatherly, K.C.; Foreword by Mr. Justice McCardie; illustrated (Putnam; 10s. 6d. net). The author, of course, is the noted song-writer who has written "the words" of so many popular ballads. A list of fifty of the best-known includes "Beauty's Eyes," "Friend o' Mine," "Nancy Lee," "The Holy City," "Roses of Picardy," "Up from Somerset," and "When You Come Home." In the course of his reminiscences, which range from his school and Oxford days to his experiences at the Bar, Mr. Weatherly often gives the source of his inspiration. Thus "The Midshipmite" was based on a boyish recollection of seeing, in 1855, a ship coming up the Bristol Channel with the body of Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, and of hearing then the story of the Middy who spiked the Russian guns at Sebastopol.

The genesis of the song has a domestic interest for this paper. "The present Lord Raglan," says Mr. Weatherly, "to whom I wrote for verification of my recollection, wrote me a very kind letter, in which he told me that the burial of his distinguished grandfather took place on July 27, 1855, at Badminton, the home of the Dukes of Beaufort, and he referred me to *The Illustrated London News* of August 4 for further particulars. From that wonderful journal I learnt that the body was brought to Kingroad in the *Caradoc*, and there transhipped, because of the difficulties of the Avon, to the *Star*. There is an old wood-cut showing the arrival of the latter at Cumberland basin."

I am particularly attracted by one of Mr. Weatherly's early memories, for I also, as a youthful stage-manager, produced the thrilling drama of "The Miller and his Men" in a toy theatre. Will do I remember the highly

coloured scenery and the "cardboard figures of the *dramatis personæ*"—those floury yokels who turned out to be brigands of the deepest dye. I cannot claim, however, so wide an acquaintance as Mr. Weatherly with "stars" of the real stage, including the late Sir Squire Bancroft, Irving, and Ellen Terry. At Oxford Mr. Weatherly had Walter Pater for tutor, while Swinburne was one of his literary heroes. In this connection he mentions Mr. W. L. Courtney's "The Passing Hour" as "certainly the best book of Oxford reminiscences that has ever been written."

That writer's wife also includes Oxford among her memories, in "RECOLLECTED IN TRANQUILLITY," by Janet E. Courtney, O.B.E., illustrated (Heinemann; 12s. 6d. net). She writes of Oxford in the 'eighties, when she was at Lady Margaret Hall under Miss Wordsworth. "Oxford was a wonderful experience to a girl from a remote country parsonage" in Lincolnshire. Later, she lectured on philosophy at Cheltenham, and she tells of Victorian girls' schools in the days of Dorothea Beale (then the head-mistress of Cheltenham) and Frances Mary

She has much that is valuable, and sometimes provocative, to say on the status of women in business or the professions, and on the vexed question of married women's employment.

Now, by an easy transition, I go down from Oxford and up to Cambridge, where I feel more at home under the wing of my own Alma Mater. She is represented here by a pair of distinguished biographies—"HENRY JACKSON, O.M.," Vice-Master of Trinity College and Regius Professor of Greek; A Memoir by R. St. John Parry, illustrated (Cambridge University Press; 15s. net); and "FRANCIS JENKINSON," Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and University Librarian, A Memoir by H. F. Stewart, illustrated (Cambridge University Press; 10s. 6d. net).

Henry Jackson's personality, I think, emerges more from his own letters than from the biographer's work, which, though performed with great care and ability, has obviously been aimed at the co-ordination of facts rather than the painting of a literary portrait. It is a record rather than a "story." Academic Cambridge, of course, will be chiefly concerned with Jackson the eminent Platonist. For my part—I may speak it to my shame—I have a truant been to Plato since of old I wore the gown and dwelt in the college adjoining Trinity. The things that appeal to me more are Jackson's *parerga*—his researches into the plot of "Edwin Drood"; his studies, against the Baconian theory, on Shakespeare's opportunities of knowing Latin; his championship of the women's cause in the matter of degrees; his comments on the war and German "pigs"; his uncompromising literary aversions. Thus: "Rousseau—Shelley—Byron were a bad lot; but it is amusing to read about them, provided one recognises that they were bounders."

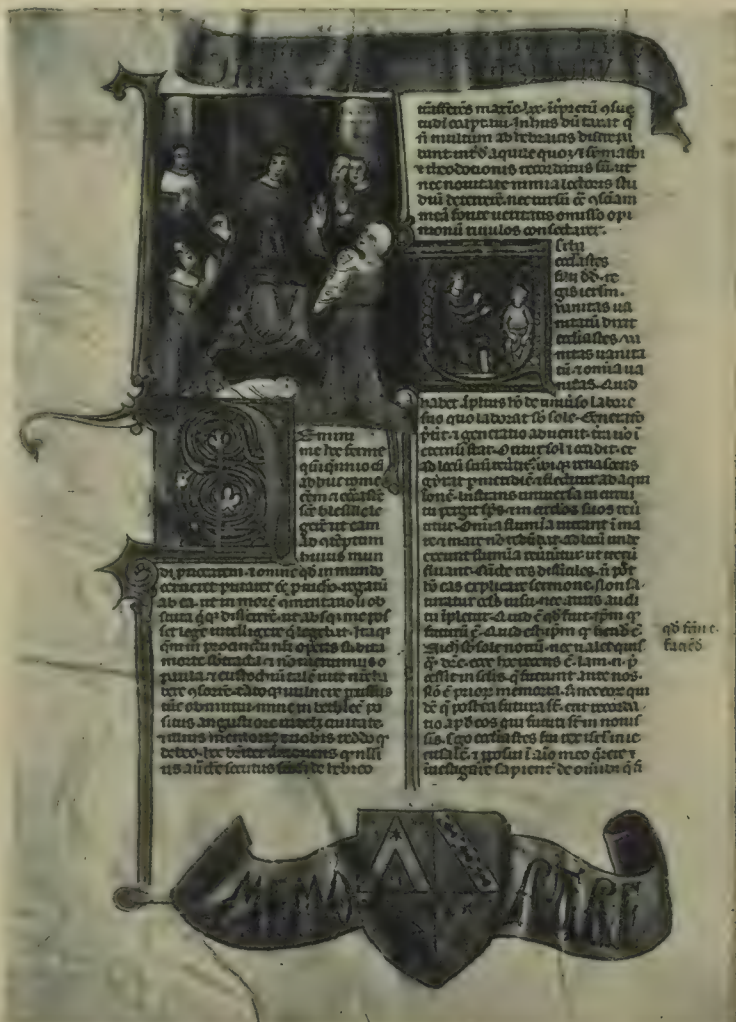
A note of personal affection, which at once arrests the reader's sympathy, is struck in the first sentence of Dr. Stewart's engaging memoir of Francis Jenkinson, "dear beyond expression to his intimate friends." One feels immediately, if one did not know it already, that he was a human being as well as the University Librarian, and it is not every man who could combine the two; for books sometimes have a pulverising rather than a humanising influence. There is nothing ponderous or dry-as-dust about the personality revealed in this book, wherein Jenkinson, who reminds me, in many respects, of Dr. Richard Garnett, is portrayed—

Wearing all that weight  
Of learning lightly, like a flower.

He was also portrayed by Sargent, as the frontispiece bears witness. There is association with the life of Hubert Parry, for Jenkinson helped him with his music to the "Birds" of Aristophanes, and Stanford played the Bridal March from it at Jenkinson's wedding. There is also a link with Jackson's life, in connection with the removal of the Law Books to a separate library. "Seven Syndics, including Dr. Henry Jackson . . . withheld their signatures," and "Mr. R. V. Laurence as a historian deprecated the divorce of books on law from books of history and political philosophy. Even Byles on Bills, he remarked, might come to have an interest to others besides professional lawyers." I agree with this, because that learned work happens to have an interest for me, albeit, like "Necessity Smith," I know no law. It interests me so much, in fact, that I once expended sixpence on a secondhand copy. My motives, I might add, were quite unconnected with bills.

I must postpone for fuller treatment Mr. Harold Nicolson's very able study of "SWINBURNE" in the "English Men of Letters Series" (Macmillan; 5s. net). Here are just a few of the other new books awaiting my attention: "A NATURALIST'S PILGRIMAGE," by Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net); "JONAS MICHAELIUS," Founder of the Church in New Netherland, by Professor Dr. A. Bekhof (Leyden; Sigthoff); "AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN LONDON AND PARIS," by A. Ludovici (Fisher Unwin; 12s. 6d. net); "NORTHERN LIGHTS AND SOUTHERN SHADE," by Douglas Goldring (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d. net); "THE SHIP UNDER SAIL," by E. Keble Chatterton (Fisher Unwin; 10s. net); "MOTOR CRUISING IN FRANCE," by Leslie Richardson (Geoffrey Bles; 16s. net); "A MIRROR TO FRANCE," by Ford Madox Ford (Ford Madox Hueffer) (Duckworth; 8s. 6d. net); "MEN IN WOMEN'S GUISE," by O. P. Gilbert (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net); "THE MARRIAGE MARKET," by Charles Kingston (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net); and "GREYNA GREEN ROMANCES," by Warren Henry (Cecil Palmer; 7s. 6d. net). On the whole, I see no danger of my poor brain becoming atrophied for lack of sustenance.

C. E. B.



WITH A LARGE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTED MINIATURE OF THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON: THE FIRST LEAF OF A VERY FINE FRENCH ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT OF THE LATIN BIBLE, TO BE SOLD IN THE BRÖLEMANN COLLECTION.

The sale of the Brölemann collection will take place at Sotheby's on May 4 and 5. The first day's lots include a very fine French illuminated manuscript of which the above is the first leaf. The MS. forms Vol. 2 of Biblia Latina—from Ecclesiastes to Apocalypse. It is decorated with excellent grotesques and forty-seven other painted initials. At the foot of the first leaf is a coat-of-arms, with the motto, "Memorare," ascribed to the Boyer family. There are marginal notes in an early hand, and at the end a note of ownership dated 1476. Some of the pages have a type of ornament that indicates Parisian work of the early fourteenth century.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.]

Buss, the pair who inspired that naughty school-girl's epigram—

Miss Buss and Miss Beale  
Cupid's darts do not feel.  
So different from us—  
Miss Beale and Miss Buss.

Mrs. Courtney was the first University woman to work in the City, as a clerk in the Bank of England, then as librarian to the *Times* Book Club, which provides antithesis to the "tranquillity" of her title. There she found in the late Mr. H. E. Hooper "the ideal employer" and "the perfect friend," and in 1910 she edited for him a new index of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." There had been a previous revision of the "E.B." index, eight or nine years before, when all the free-lances in London were said to be gathered together on the task. Mr. F. E. Weatherly's brother was one of them, and I was another (Ah, me! I was a pale young free-lance then!), so this part of Mrs. Courtney's recollections touches me nearly. During the war she was Welfare Adviser to the Ministry of Munitions.

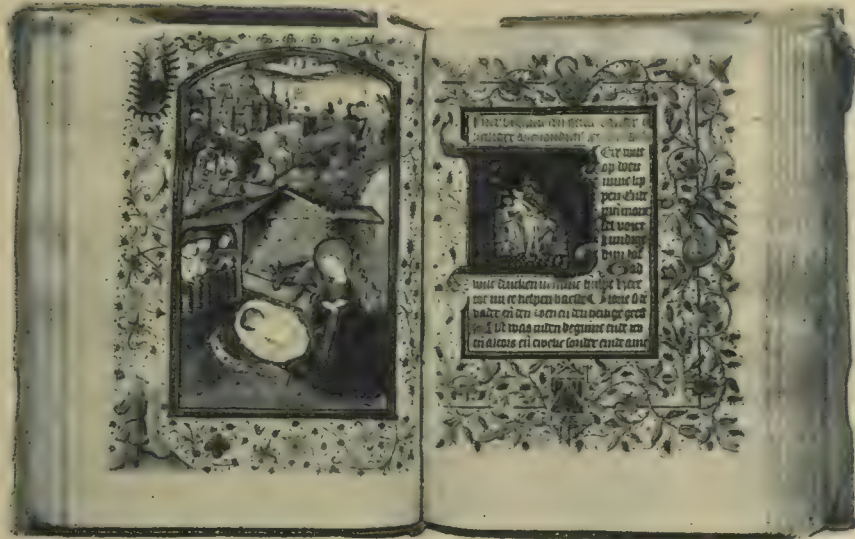


# RARE ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS FOR SALE: THE BRÖLEMANN COLLECTION.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.



1. RESEMBLING THE WORK OF "THE GREAT UNKNOWN ARTIST CALLED . . . 'LE MAÎTRE AUX BOQUETEAUX'": A MINIATURE OF ST. MARTIN IN A FRENCH FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT.



2. FROM AN EARLY FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FLEMISH MANUSCRIPT "FINELY AND LAVISHLY DECORATED": THE NATIVITY (LEFT) WITH LANDSCAPE BACKGROUND SHOWING THE THREE KINGS SETTING OUT AND THE ANGEL APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS.



4. THE BOOK'S ORIGINAL OWNERS: A KNIGHT AND HIS LADY KNEELING BEFORE THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, WITH A TREE OF JESSE IN THE BORDER—ONE OF SIXTEEN MINIATURES IN A FRENCH MANUSCRIPT DATING FROM ABOUT 1500.



3. FROM A TENTH-CENTURY SOUTH GERMAN OR SWISS GOSPEL LECTIONARY: A DECORATED PAGE OF THE FIRST TWO WORDS (CUM ESSET) OF ST. MATTHEW I, 18.

Rare treasures await the successful bidders in the forthcoming sale at Sotheby's, on May 4 and 5, of "a collection of very important manuscripts and fine printed Horæ, with a few early illustrated books, formed during the early part of the nineteenth century by Henri Auguste Brölemann, and now sold by order of the present owner, his great-grand-daughter and heiress, Mme. Etienne Mallet." Of No. 1 (above) we read: "The miniatures in this charming manuscript have a strong resemblance to the work of the great unknown artist called by M. Henri Martin 'Le Maître aux boqueteaux,' from his habit of making all his trees rather like stone-pines, with bare trunks and thick umbrella-like foliage above." In

No. 2, "Before the miniature of the Nativity are four blank leaves, on one of which is a note recording a marriage between Jacob Frederic van Renesse van Haer, lord of Grypskerchen in Poppendamme, and Margarita de Jonge van Baertwyck, on 1 Nov., 1643." In No. 3 there is a "splendid series of large initials" similar in design and colouring to that above illustrated, in which the "C" is done in gold and silver, filled in with red and blue, while the rest of the text is in gold. No. 4 shows "A knight in armour, with surcoat bearing arms repeatedly found in other parts of the book, and his lady, kneeling before the Virgin and Child. They clearly represent the original owners of the book."



## OLD TRADES AND NEW KNOWLEDGE.

### II.—THE TRADE OF THE SMITH.

By Sir William Bragg, K.B.E., F.R.S., M.A., D.Sc., Director of the Royal Institution, Fullerian Professor of Chemistry there, and Director of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory.

We give here the second of Sir William Bragg's articles condensing

his delightful lectures at the Royal Institution. The first appeared in our issue of April 24, and the remaining four will follow in future numbers. Particulars of the series are given in the footnote on the page (opposite) of diagrams drawn under Sir William's direction and illustrating his experiments.

THE working of metals goes back to times so long ago that we have no clear record of how the trade of the smith first began. All that we know we gather from tools and weapons found in ancient tombs,

bronze and steel. Now the number of alloys is legion, and the choice for a given purpose is a matter requiring great knowledge—in fact, it is in this direction that even now new discoveries are made every day. Further, and this is a very important point, it is not only the composition of the alloy that matters, but the arrangement of the atoms of which it is made, and this is greatly modified by heat treatment, by forging, and so on. The whole matter is most complicated, and yet of the highest importance, because a small change in structure very often means a radical change in quality. If, in the old times, a smith succeeded in making a really good sword, he must have combined three elements of success. In the first place, he must have been possessed of good material, which would be unusual when smelting was so im-

perfect. He must have been skilled in practice and observant of cause and effect. And lastly, he must have been fortunate in his work. It is not a matter of surprise that certain smiths, and some of the weapons which they made, became famous. It is not without meaning that there are so many Mr. Smiths, while we do not meet Mr. Dyer or Mr. Potter so often, and rarely come across Mr. Weaver or Mr. Spinner. Spinning and weaving were practised in every house, but the smithy was an important feature in any castle or commune.

Of course, the old weapons were often very poor. In the Iceland saga, "The Story of the Ere-dwellers," we read—

So then befell a great battle, and Steinhof was at the head of his own folk, and smote on either hand of him: but the fair-wrought sword bit not whenas it smote armour, and oft he must straighten it under his foot (Fig. 8.)

Great swords had great names—Excalibur, Foot-biter, and the like. Quaint traditions and beliefs grew naturally round a trade so important and so mysterious, some empty of real meaning, some containing an element of truth. Pliny tells us that some places became notable because their water was excellent for hardening steel, and the Sheffield workman believes there is virtue in the water of the Don.

The smithy of modern times differs notably from that of long ago in the immensity of its operations. The same general processes are there; there are still the furnace and the anvil and the tempering vat, but the scale has changed. Such increases are more than mere multiplication; they are not made without patience and courage in the application of knowledge, or without great skill and keen observation. They bring in new problems to be solved in engineering, in physics, and chemistry.

Nevertheless, if we look more closely into the work of the modern smith, we find that his greatest advances are not those that are most obvious; they are not in the region of large things, but in those of the small. He knows far more of the structure of his materials and of the connection between structure and behaviour. He can produce a wide variety of metals to suit an equal variety of uses. He makes steels suitable for bridges, for railway lines, for all sorts of machinery, for knives and cutting tools of all sorts, for the axles and other parts of motor-cars; he makes alloys for use in the rapidly moving parts of high-speed engines, for electric machinery, for cables, and a thousand other things. In each case, the metal is adapted for the purpose to which it is put, and, moreover—and this is a most important fact and a great

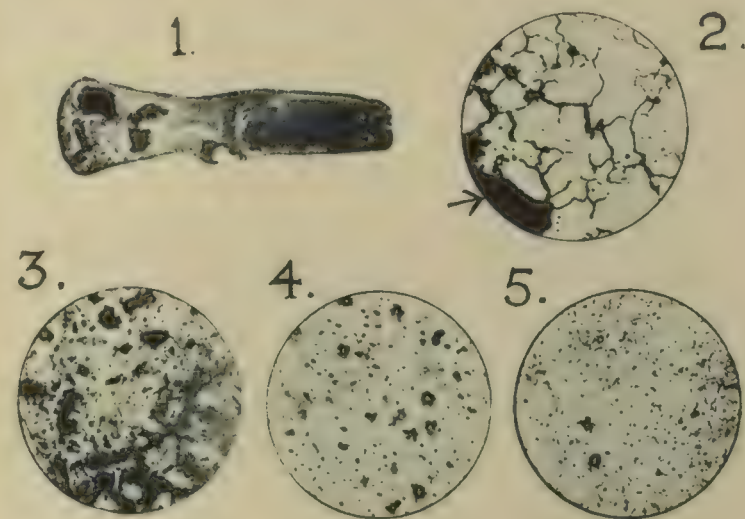
achievement—any member of a batch of products is a good sample of the rest.

Much of this advance is due, of course, to the use of well-designed measuring instruments of every kind so that at every stage of manufacture the condition is accurately known. Knowledge of the laws of heat, or optics, of electricity, of chemical action, is used continually and at every point. It would, of course, take far too long to consider all these applications of knowledge, even in the briefest manner. But we may choose a small portion of this wide field as an example of the rest: the hardening of metals will serve our turn. It must be admitted that this is a subject on which experts still disagree, but it will be sufficient for us if we consider it so generally that the disputed details are only in the background.

When a small portion of a metal surface is carefully polished and examined under a microscope, a very complicated structure is revealed. Illustrations are given here and on the opposite page. Obviously, the metal is made up of "grains," large and small, of irregular shapes and different appearances. The photographs (shown opposite) are of a certain specimen of steel: the various grains consist each of iron and carbon in various compositions. When steels are compared in this way, it is at once evident that differences in character are associated with differences in their micro-structure. For instance, one of the pictures refers to a "manganese steel" which is exceedingly strong and tough, and will bear stretching to nearly twice its length before breaking. The lower of the two photographs shows the appearance of the same steel when it has been kept at a temperature of 500 deg. C. for sixty hours. It is totally different. The properties are totally different also. It has lost more than half its strength; it will not stretch; and it is more than twice as hard as before. (Some of the tin hats used by our soldiers in the war were made of this tough steel. There was a momentary alarm when it was reported that the men had found them useful as cooking utensils! It will be readily understood why this practice had to be stopped at once.)

The expert metallurgist learns to associate various appearances in these photographs with the various properties, and with the processes through which the steel has passed. Very valuable information can be got in this way without full knowledge of the details of the complicated structure shown in the pictures. Still, the more the details are understood, the greater the command of the metallurgist over his work. Of late years some fresh sources of information have been available in the new methods of analysis of crystals by X-rays: for it appears, as the X-rays show clearly, if it was not evident before,

[Continued on page 842.]



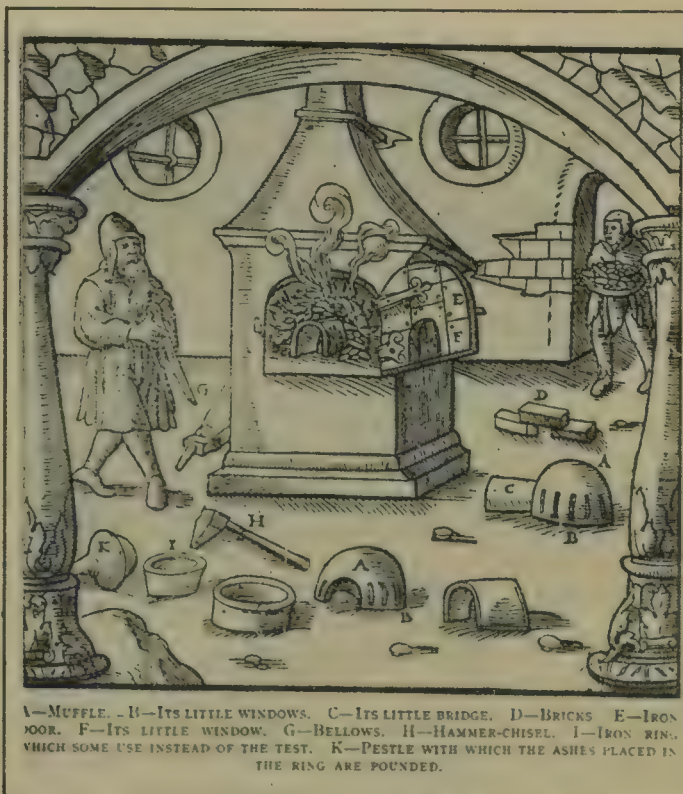
METAL UNDER THE MICROSCOPE: TESTS OF AN ANCIENT PALSTAFF.

No. 1 is the palstaff. The first of the four photomicrographs (No. 2) shows the corrosion taking place more readily in the impure material. The corrosion of this type in bronze is a sure proof of its antiquity, and a check against fraudulent antiques made with so much perfection to-day. No. 3 shows the type of crystals present. No. 4 shows the shape of the casting crystals; and No. 5 is a photomicrograph of the cutting edge, and shows the expert the different size and composition of the crystals from that of No. 4.

or dug up here and there from the earth; or again, from the practice of peoples whose use of metals is still in the primitive stage. Ross's expedition to the Arctic in 1818 found that the Eskimos of Cape York, in Baffin Bay, made knives out of pieces of iron which they had been successful in detaching from a large meteorite in Melville Bay. Dr. Newton Friend tells us that the Otumpa meteorite (Argentina), the original weight of which was probably about 15,000 kilogrammes, shows no fewer than six places from which portions have been removed. The Descubridora meteorite (Mexico), which weighs about 575 kilogrammes, has a gap nine centimetres long in which is wedged a broken copper chisel left by some primitive workman. This suggests that ancient races may have obtained their first lumps of iron from similar sources; many of them—as, for example, the Egyptians and the Chaldeans—gave iron the name of "metal from heaven"; and the Greeks called it *sidēros*, which may well have been connected with their name for a star. Native copper was used in the same way. Some of the large blocks found in Canada show the marks of tools where portions have been severed.

We do not know when metals were first obtained by smelting their ores. But we may be sure that it took a very long time to acquire any knowledge of the intricacies of the metallurgical crafts. The smith's trade has always required a special skill; and there are good reasons for the fact. In the first place, he has to manage a furnace sufficiently hot to melt his ores, or to bring his metals to a temperature at which he can forge them. It is a long story, from the time when he put together a few stones on the hillside so arranged as to catch the wind, to the time when he first used bellows—even such primitive affairs are still used by some of the African peoples, and again to the time of the blast-furnace of modern days. To a very considerable extent the smith's power over his materials has grown with and depended on his mastery over temperature.

In the next place, the smith finds that, in general, the most useful metals are alloys or compounds, such as



A—MUFFLE. B—ITS LITTLE WINDOWS. C—ITS LITTLE BRIDGE. D—BRICKS. E—IRON DOOR. F—ITS LITTLE WINDOW. G—BELLWINDS. H—HAMMER-CHISEL. I—IRON RING, WHICH SOME USE INSTEAD OF THE TEST. K—PESTLE WITH WHICH THE ASHES PLACED IN THE RING ARE POUNDED.

SHOWING TOOLS AND INSTRUMENTS USED BY SMITHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES: AN OLD DRAWING OF A MEDIEVAL FURNACE.



## OLD TRADES AND NEW KNOWLEDGE: THE STORY OF METAL-WORK.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, K.B.E., F.R.S., ETC., IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS ARTICLE. (COPYRIGHTED.)



## II.—"THE TRADE OF THE SMITH": SIR WILLIAM BRAGG'S EXPERIMENTS AT HIS SECOND LECTURE.

We continue on the opposite page the series of six articles written specially for this paper by Sir William Bragg, begun in our last issue, and abridging the substance of his delightful lectures at the Royal Institution on Old Trades and New Knowledge. The first article dealt with the trade of the sailor, and those to come in future numbers will discuss respectively the trades of the weaver,

dyer, potter, and miner. Sir William is also broadcasting a series of talks on the same subjects. The complete series of his lectures is to be published, later, in book form, by Messrs. George Bell and Sons. The above diagrams, which have been drawn specially by Mr. G. H. Davis under Sir William's direction, illustrate the article on the opposite page on the Trade of the Smith.



# St. Francis of Assisi and his Seventh Centenary.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

AN article entitled "The Return of the Saints" was published recently in a Catholic review called *Les Lettres*. The "return" which pleased the review was a literary one. Lately, great success has attended the efforts of modern hagiography, which, by means of books of considerable literary merit, has dragged the great saints of the Church from the niches they occupied in liturgical veneration and caused them to descend into the tumult of the century. Writers are increasingly encouraged to write, and publishers to publish, lives of saints, for they find a large public anxious to get a nearer view of these famed figures of the past.

Among the saints, the one who appears to be least removed from the modern crowd by his superhuman glory is St. Francis of Assisi, the seventh centenary of whose death is to be marked by solemn ceremonies this year. St. Francis of Assisi is not only the model of all the highest Christian virtues, the author of famous miracles, the inspirer of a delightful literature, the founder of one of the most celebrated ecclesiastical Orders, capable of reviving evangelical simplicity without rebelling against Papal authority; he is not only the object of veneration in all Roman Catholic countries, but he is also the most popular of all the saints of the Church among Protestants and free-thinkers. This can be seen in the preparations which are being made in Italy for his centenary. Unbelievers are busying themselves with these preparations with so much activity that the Church is quite moved by it. Recently Cardinal Gasparri protested in an official document against the lay and almost irreligious character of a great many of the ceremonies which were being organised; and he invited St. Francis's innumerable admirers to admire him rather less and to imitate him a little more.

We must conclude, therefore, that there was something in the movement of which he was the creator, and in the example of his unique life, which is beyond the religious doctrines by which the path of the "poverello," or "poor little man," of Assisi was illuminated, which makes a deep appeal to our contemporaries, which causes Catholics, Protestants, and unbelievers to unite in admiring his personality. But, with the best will in the world, it is difficult to find (outside literature) that secret accord, that intimate sympathy, between the Franciscan spirit and our time.

One of the corner stones on which St. Francis based his teaching and his Order is the doctrine of poverty as a necessary condition of evangelical perfection. With a small élite, the real aristocrats of self-abnegation, who at the outset of the movement grouped themselves around him, he radically repudiated riches, asking his disciples to possess nothing but the necessary tools for their work, to live as the poor did, so that alms and a short time spent in manual labour might be sufficient to satisfy the needs of existence. But, knowing that man's attachment to material possessions has its roots in the instinct of self-preservation, and that it is impossible to uproot it completely in the greater number of souls, he repudiated riches in a less complete form for those who had not strength to renounce them altogether. He asked these followers, who later formed the tierce, or third Order, called usually the Fraternity of Penitence, to reduce their needs as much as possible, and, while retaining their fortunes, to content

themselves with what was strictly necessary, distributing all the available remainder of their income to the poor.

Without this doctrine and his famous mystical marriage with Poverty, there would only remain a mutilated St. Francis whose thoughts, writings, and actions would become incomprehensible, or risk an arbitrary interpretation. To understand St. Francis signifies, above all, to understand that doctrine of poverty, even in its extreme form, which at first sight may seem a paradoxical revolt against human nature. And if, in fact, St. Francis has been venerated for so many centuries, even though his tenets have not been observed literally, it is because he did not stand isolated even in his most drastic doctrine of the negation of riches. That negation corresponded, while exaggerating it, to a critical doctrine which, under more moderate forms, is to be found in all civilisations anterior to the French Revolution. These civilisations, although they hardly ever disputed the right of the individual to possess property, have always put the rich on their guard

history have riches been less a source of corruption than in the present day. In old days the rich were few in number and very rich in comparison with the general mass of people; a few families had enormous revenues at their disposal in the midst of general poverty. Reinforced by the aristocratic organisation of society, which legalised its privileges, wealth had really the power of developing the bad instincts of human nature, by multiplying the opportunities of abuses.

In the present day the multiplication of rich men and the democratic organisation of society no longer permit the modern Croesus to gratify more than a very restricted number of caprices, which, moreover, are relatively innocuous to society. There are in America to-day men who possess fabulous fortunes, such as the richest sovereigns of former days would not have been able even to conceive as possible. They all live in the same style as those of their fellow men who possess only moderate means, allowing themselves no other really princely luxuries than that

of making presents, the practical effect of which does not always coincide with the nobility of the intention which prompted them. The intoxication of luxury, pleasure, and power which riches gave to its rare favourites in the old civilisations hardly exists in the present day.

One must also add that those of to-day who make great fortunes no longer have leisure in which to enjoy them; and that their sons, who generally do enjoy more leisure, rapidly become poor again if they allow themselves to be too much corrupted by their riches. A rich man who permits himself to be intoxicated by his riches and loses his head very shortly, loses not only his head, but his treasures also. He is immediately overtaken by Nemesis. That is the reason why, during the nineteenth century, Europe saw the disappearance of the great display of luxury of former days, in proportion as her total wealth increased. Our epoch, which we so easily accuse of materialism, is advancing towards a kind of ascetic opulence, which bids fair to become one of

the most extravagant paradoxes in history. The riches of the world have become hyperbolic; but the pleasures which they ensure are very modest ones. To think that the richest people in the world have allowed themselves to be despoiled even of the right to drink wine and beer, and that immense amphitheatres of reinforced concrete are filled to overflowing to watch rival teams of young men play at football! The Romans were not so easily satisfied; they required wild beasts, *venationes*, *naumachiae*, gladiatorial combats, naked women, and the flow of blood!

The great transformation which wealth has undergone has ended in making the saints and philosophers who in former days preached against the possession of riches, even at the risk of their liberty or their lives, incomprehensible to us. St. Augustine, the great lyrical theologian; St. Thomas, the great architect of dialectics; St. Dominic, the great organiser of intellectualism—may still be understood by us across the ideological revolutions which have changed the history of Europe during the last four centuries. But what does the admiration of the *poverello* mean to all those who, in our day, consider alms as a degradation and poverty as a disaster, or even a sign of inferiority—that is to say, for all those admirers who provoked Cardinal Gasparri's remonstrance?

There can be no doubt that the popularity and admiration of St. Francis belong to that retrospective remorse which makes us admire in the past what we are destroying in the present. The American comes over to Europe to glory in the last vestiges of those old qualitative civilisations which at home he remorselessly destroys with his miraculous machinery. The European, when he is in Asia, admires the past, which he prides himself on having

(Continued on page 838.)



TO BE THE SCENE OF A GREAT PILGRIMAGE THIS YEAR IN CONNECTION WITH THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF ST. FRANCIS: THE MEDIAEVAL TOWN OF ASSISI, ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING PLACES IN ITALY.

This year has been dedicated by the Roman Church, as another holy year, to the commemoration of St. Francis of Assisi, who died seven centuries ago, in 1226, and the Italian Government is organising a series of great ceremonies. More than 200,000 pilgrims are expected. The tomb of the saint, in a crypt beneath the two great basilicas at Assisi, has been cleared of inappropriate decoration added early last century, and restored to its pristine simplicity. The celebrations will begin in September. Special tours to Assisi, including lectures, have been arranged by the British Society of Franciscan Studies, at University College, Gower Street, London. Particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Dr. Walter Seton.—[Photograph supplied by Professor Federico Halbherr.]

against the dangers which riches represent for those who possess them. For centuries, philosophy, religion, literature, and morality have reproached riches with corrupting human nature, by exciting all its worst passions.

If, urged on by his ardent love of Christ and by his hunger for evangelic perfection, St. Francis deduced from that criticism the logical consequence of total renunciation of riches by the elect, and a partial but considerable renunciation for less exceptional temperaments, it is only because that critical doctrine was present to all minds that the figure of the saint of Assisi remained comprehensible for so many centuries as the reformer of morals. But the nineteenth century overthrew that doctrine completely. For us it is no longer wealth, but poverty, which brutalises mankind, by exciting bad passions and multiplying vices. Just as misery is responsible for all evils, prosperity is the condition necessary for all moral amelioration. The two rival doctrines of property, the individualistic and the collectivist, claim with equal conviction to be the doctrines of universal salvation because they ensure the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

How many people to-day would be disposed, no matter how great their admiration of St. Francis may be, to carry out his doctrines? I do not even suggest that they should live on alms, as he and his disciples did, but see in the acceptance of alms something other than a degradation of human dignity. There has been a complete change in the ideas of a part of humanity, and this is wrongly explained by accusing the nineteenth century of having re-erected the altar of Mammon. Although our present optimism is rather too simple, it corresponds with a great change which has come about in the nature of riches. At no time in



# A RARE DISCOVERY IN ROMAN IMPERIAL PORTRAIT SCULPTURE: NERVA.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 2 BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES. NOS. 3 AND 4 BY MOSCIONI AND ALINARI BROTHERS. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



1 AND 2. OF SPECIAL INTEREST OWING TO THE RARITY OF STATUES OF HIM, DUE TO THE SHORTNESS OF HIS REIGN: THE NEWLY DISCOVERED HEAD OF THE EMPEROR NERVA RECENTLY FOUND AT TIVOLI—  
(1) IN PROFILE;  
(2) FULL FACE.



3. SHOWING THE TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL, BEHIND WHICH IS THE ANCIENT FORUM WHERE THE MARBLE HEAD OF NERVA WAS FOUND: TIVOLI (ANCIENT TIBUR), ONCE A RESORT OF THE POET HORACE.



4. WHERE SIGNOR MUSSOLINI RECENTLY INAUGURATED NEW EXCAVATIONS ON THE OCCASION OF THE 2679TH BIRTHDAY OF ROME: THE FORUM OF NERVA, BEGUN BY HIS PREDECESSOR, DOMITIAN.

The recent discovery, at Tivoli, of a marble head of the Emperor Nerva is of special interest just now, as his Forum at Rome figures prominently in the great scheme of excavations inaugurated by Signor Mussolini, a few days ago, in connection with the 2679th anniversary of the city's foundation. "It is also," writes Professor Halbherr, "the most faithful portrait of Nerva yet found. In spite of carelessness in workmanship, the well-known facial characteristics of this Emperor are reproduced in the most naturalistic way. These are chiefly the aquiline nose, the small mouth with the deep wrinkles at its angles, and the strongly furrowed brow, which gives to his face a peculiar expression of

seriousness and resolution. He completed, in Rome, that huge monumental work which was the Forum of his predecessor, Domitian, and was called after him the Forum of Nerva. The new discovery is to be classed among the rarest in Roman statuary, as Marcus Cocceius Nerva reigned only 1 year 4 months and 7 days—from September 18, 96, to January 25, 98 A.D.—a too short time to receive, like other Cæsars, many statues. The most important of the few existing is the colossal one in the Vatican. With his coins, it was hitherto the only source for our knowledge of his figure. The new head was made to be inserted in a statue larger than life-size, not yet found."



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## A UNIVERSAL SOCIETY FOR DRAMATIC ART.—SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT.

THE British Drama League is taking M. Gémier's great scheme under its wing, and there is some hope that it will materialise. The idea is to create a kind of dramatic League of Nations to foster the amity of peoples. It is a noble aim thus expressed by M. Gémier: "The object of our proposed Society is

of the Nobel Prize will on the next occasion give their award to M. Gémier for his idea. But will that suffice to cover the initial expense, to erect the buildings, to maintain the central office in Paris and the branches in the allied countries? True, a certain amount of revenue will be derived from the public patronising the performances; but the lesson of exhibitions is an object one. Unless there be a large reserve fund, it is a hazardous speculation.

As to the personnel foreshadowed in the scheme, it is far too numerous to prove effective. It would be much better to have a central organising office in Paris, and to let every country select the representative of one authoritative body to pursue the individual propaganda. In the case of England the matter should be left entirely in the hands of the British Drama League. Let them—as they intend to do—call a meeting of all the theatrical organisations in the country, and entrust one man with the mandate to direct the operations, to select the play-performing companies and all the exhibits. We have that man in the person of Mr. Granville Barker, who would unite all the rôles by his qualities as an actor, a playwright, a producer of renown. I do not know whether he is a linguist, for probably French is likely to be the official language at the central office, but that is a detail; he could easily find a secretarial henchman to act as interpreter if necessary. But of this I am certain: if the matter is left to a committee of many instead of a committee of one, there will be much palaver and little done.

From the foregoing it will be gathered that I approach the realisation of the scheme with a certain amount of misgiving. And I frankly admit it, because, when M. Gémier unfolded it at a certain memorable meeting at the St. James's Theatre, there was a good deal of enthusiasm and applause, and nothing else. Even the Press published scanty reports and paid very little attention to the proposal, which in Berlin, for instance, after a similar conference, led to immediate action promising practical results. But here, in a less idealistic atmosphere, something more is required to produce action than the mirage of a beautiful chimera. And this was the impression produced by the St. James's meeting on an eye-witness, who actually said that the idea was grand but very much *en l'air*. The British Drama League is the right body to bring the scheme to earth and fruition. And with the right man at the helm there is no reason why, if not the whole, at least an initial part of the campaign of fraternisation should not become a reality—provided always that the sinews of war for the British section, at any rate, will be provided from the purses of the "lovers of the drama." And that is, to an important extent, the crux of the whole question!

One afternoon in Piccadilly a few years ago, the orange placards of the *Pall Mall Gazette* flared the news of the passing of Sir John Hare. As I lingered, there came into view the grand figure of Sir Squire Bancroft approaching in leisured walk, arm-in-arm with his son. Suddenly, the younger man's eye saw the poster, and then he clutched his father tighter by the arm and turned towards him, eagerly as it were, to shield him from the announcement. The son's action was both natural and touching, for his father and Sir John Hare were the last survivors of the phalanx of grand old men of the Victorian stage, and bosom friends.

Now Sir Squire stood alone in monumental, revered solitude—a splendid figure,

still erect, still shouldering his eighties lightsomely, still a beau and an exquisite, carrying his top hat and his monocle with the air of a true *grand seigneur*. Bancroft in Piccadilly conjured up visions of the past when he and Irving and Gladstone, sauntering in the centre of London, arrested all eyes. For these men, by their mien and bearing, were characteristic of the grandeur of the nation. Sir Squire's acting days were long since over; he left the stage some forty years ago, and those of us who were present that evening when he and Lady Bancroft, the greatest actress of an era, took their leave, still visualise the boundless enthusiasm that meant *au revoir* and god-speed, but not farewell. Sporadically both returned for a little while, and in token of charity performances, to their old love. But Bancroft's histrionic creations of the perfect gentleman in the days of "Caste" and "School," and all the plays of Tom Robertson and his time, are enshrined in tradition.

The younger generations knew him in a different way: as the henchman of the Censor and the Lord Chamberlain when a casting vote was required to pass or ban a play; as the presiding spirit of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, founded by Tree, upon which he bestowed parental care and a fatherly eye; as a brilliant writer, in collaboration with his wife, of memoirs which rank as chapters of history of the drama; as an after-dinner speaker of unrivalled grace and charm. When, say, at the Actors' Benevolent Fund, there was an annual banquet to stiffen the exchequer, and the announcement went forth that Sir Squire would be in the chair, the profession and the *amici curiæ* flocked to the festive board. They knew that they were in for a *régale*, that humour would sparkle and that anecdote and reminiscence would draw bright pictures of good old times. They also knew that a fierce onslaught would be made on their purses *via* the heart. For Sir Squire, blessed with earthly goods, knew what money can do to assuage the visitations of later years. He was a master pleader, for his words resounded with feeling and with gratitude. He was an English gentleman in the finest sense of the word: his life-book is a model scroll—no blemish tarnishes its pages.



THE TRAGIC MOMENT IN "AUTUMN FIRE," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: OWEN KEEGAN (MR. WILFRED SHINE, ON LEFT) DISCOVERS HIS YOUNG WIFE, NANCE (MISS CATHLEEN DRAGO) IN THE ARMS OF HIS SON MICHAEL (MR. PERCY ROBINSON).

Mr. T. C. Murray's "Autumn Fire" is a poignant story of an Irish farm. An elderly farmer has taken a young wife, and his romance is shattered when he finds her in the arms of his son. The play is a subtle study of several contrasted characters, and is very well acted.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

to create and maintain between authors, composers, actors, and technicians of the world of theatrical art constant ties of a spiritual and material character; to encourage and propagate their works and all efforts made to keep the stage up to the highest level of art and education, and further to work for the diffusion and protection of artistic taste in the general public; to take a vital part in bringing improvements into the laws and regulations already existing between nations; and to bring about universal conventions of an artistic character similar to those aimed at in commercial, professional, and administrative agreements, with the help of a strongly organised, international co-operative body; . . . to bring about the utilisation by all of the works of each individual, by means of reports, statistics, examinations, suggestions, in a paper to be published in every country of the world, as well as in an international monthly review."

In a nutshell, it means that nations will elect delegates and foregather annually in Paris—which is the chosen centre—to show the progress of dramatic art in every form, and mainly by the production of plays by various nations in the original language and under the guidance of their respective producers. For this purpose three hall-theatres will be created, to hold 1000-2000 spectators each; and in two of them plays will be performed, and in the third (and largest) operas and spectacular displays. So far so good.

But, after perusal of the pamphlet inspired by M. Gémier, it strikes me that a great deal of sifting will have to be done before it is shipshape. At present the machine as imagined by M. Gémier seems far too cumbersome to prove practical. And the money aspect is, to say the least of it, somewhat doubtful and hazy. It is possible that the nations which subsidise theatres will contribute to the general fund—although present Budgets of nearly all States scarcely allow great munificence; it is again possible that the Carnegie Fund will vote a grant, and maybe the stewards



WOMAN IN A DEN OF MISOGYNISTS: CRAWFORD (MISS FAY COMPTON) INTERVENES BETWEEN HONEY (MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON) AND HODGES (MR. LEON QUARTEMAINE, ON RIGHT) IN "THIS WOMAN BUSINESS," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Mr. Benn W. Levy's amusing light comedy shows how one young woman can flutter a whole dove-cote of misogynists. Hodges, their leader, is a millionaire who has taken a house in Cornwall to write an essay denouncing the daughters of Eve. Crawford comes into the household in peculiar circumstances, with the inevitable results. Honey, a young and frivolous poet, is among those who fall victims to her charms.—[Photograph by Sasha.]



## SCENES FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY—BY EDMUND DULAC.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND DULAC. COPYRIGHTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



### DAVID AND GOLIATH.

"And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth."

*This is the ninth in the series of beautiful colour-studies of Biblical subjects by that famous artist, Mr. Edmund Dulac, begun in our Christmas Number for 1925. The first four colour-plates, given therein, illustrated the Expulsion from Eden, the Flood, the Doom of Lot's Wife, and the Death of Samson.*

*The fifth—Moses in the Bulrushes—appeared in our issue of January 9 last; the sixth—the Fall of Jericho—in that of March 6; the seventh—Ruth and Boaz—in that of March 13; and the eighth—Saul and the Witch of Endor—in that of April 3.*



## "AN INQUISITIVE BIRD."

FROM THE DRAWING BY R. B. TALBOT KELLY, R.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



### COAL-TITS.

"An inhabitant of the fir-woods of Central and Northern Europe, the coal-tit," says the "Royal Natural History," "breeds early in the year. . . . The British form of the coal-tit is regarded by some

ornithologists as distinct from the Continental races. . . . The coal-tit is an inquisitive bird; and we have known one voluntarily enter an empty mouse-trap, apparently tempted only by curiosity."



# £820,641,000: MR. CHURCHILL PRESENTING HIS BUDGET.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



## IN PARLIAMENT WITH A PENCIL ON BUDGET NIGHT: SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE DURING MR. CHURCHILL'S SPEECH.

In spite of his allusion at the outset to the "sombre sphere" of the Coal Crisis, the tenor of Mr. Churchill's Budget speech, on April 26, was, on the whole, optimistic. In dealing with the National Debt and payments to the United States, he said: "These figures are perhaps some return for the immense efforts made by all parties and all Governments . . . and I can only say, 'Let us persevere.'" The Labour ex-Chancellor, Mr. Philip Snowden, commended the clearness and ability of Mr. Churchill's exposition. The chief surprise of the Budget was the decision—favourably received on all sides—to use the bulk of the surplus to

increase by £10,000,000 the contribution to the Sinking Fund as an offset to the coal subsidy. New features include a tax on legal betting; the transference of £7,000,000 from the Road Fund to the Exchequer; higher taxation for heavy motor vehicles; extension of the McKenna duties to commercial motors; and the abolition of the three years' average in the assessment of income-tax. The principal taxes remain unchanged. Mr. Churchill budgeted for a revenue of £824,750,000, an expenditure of £820,641,000, and a surplus of £4,109,000. The 1926 estimate was £799,400,000.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]



# HINDU VERSUS MOSLEM FEUDS IN INDIA: THE CALCUTTA RIOTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL; THAT OF A HINDU TEMPLE (LOWER LEFT) BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



WHERE THE TROUBLE IS SAID TO HAVE ORIGINATED: THE DINA MIAN MOSQUE IN HARRISON ROAD, CALCUTTA, OUTSIDE WHICH ARYA SAMAJISTS HAD PLAYED MUSIC PROVOCATIVELY WHILE MOSLEMS WERE PRAYING WITHIN.



ENTIRELY GUTTED BY FIRE AFTER IT HAD BEEN RAIDED BY HINDUS: THE NIMTOLLAH MOSQUE, A MOHAMMEDAN PLACE OF WORSHIP NEAR THE MINT, CALCUTTA.



WITH TWO ARMOURD CARS AND A FORCE OF REGULAR AND AUXILIARY TROOPS READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY: THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN LALL BAZAAR, CALCUTTA.



CALCUTTA POLICE REMOVING BURNING WOOD PLACED AGAINST A BUILDING: A DANGEROUS TASK WHILE MISSILES WERE THROWN FROM NEIGHBOURING ROOFS.



WRECKED BY MOSLEMS AND THEN SET ON FIRE, WHILST THE IDOL WAS THROWN INTO THE STREET: A DESECRATED HINDU TEMPLE IN CALCUTTA.



RAIDED BY MOSLEMS AND GUTTED BY FIRE: THE SHEBA TEMPLE IN ZAKARIAH STREET, CALCUTTA, ONE OF THE CHIEF CENTRES OF THE RELIGIOUS RIOTS.

Serious riots between Hindus and Moslems began in Calcutta on April 2, the day of the arrival of the new Viceroy of India, Lord Irwin, at Bombay. These first riots continued for about a fortnight, during which many people were killed and injured, while temples and mosques were wrecked or burnt. On April 15 it was stated that the disturbances appeared to have ended, but a week or so later they were renewed. In the House of Commons on April 26 Earl Winterton, Under-Secretary for India, said: "The latest official report is that on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday (April 22-24) there are known to have occurred 19 deaths and 87 cases of injury in the riots which took place on those days. They were

caused mainly by sporadic attacks on individuals, but on Saturday there were attacks by the mob. It was necessary for the police to use firearms on all three days. In the disturbed area business is suspended, but there has been no incendiarism and not much looting. On Saturday, armoured cars were called out. Steps have been taken to reinforce the police and to quarter additional police at the cost of the area disturbed. It is anticipated that the special measures taken will provide sufficient reserves, and the situation is in hand. But the isolated murders committed by hooligans of the two communities and the strength of communal feelings have produced a difficult position."



# BY WATER AND BY FIRE: BAGHDAD FLOODS; A BANGKOK CREMATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, AND C.N.



AFTER THE BAGHDAD FLOODS HAD SUBSIDED: OVERTURNED SENTRY-BOXES AT THE GATEWAY OF THE ROYAL PALACE, NEAR WHICH THE TIGRIS BURST ITS BANKS.



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF BAGHDAD ISLANDED: A REMARKABLE SCENE DURING THE GREAT FLOODS, WHEN THE BRITISH AIR FORCE CAMP AT HINAIDI WAS ALSO SURROUNDED, AND MEN WORKED DAY AND NIGHT TO STRENGTHEN THE EMBANKMENTS.



COMPELLED TO FIND A TEMPORARY ABODE IN THE HOUSE OF A JEWISH MERCHANT OF BAGHDAD, WHILE THE ROYAL LADIES WENT TO HIS OWN COTTON ESTATE: KING FEISAL OF IRAQ (AT THE STERN) GOING BY BOAT TO HIS FLOODED PALACE.



DURING THE FLOODS THAT CAUSED £2,000,000 DAMAGE: WATER POURING OUT OF THE PALACE GROUNDS AT BAGHDAD INTO THE DESERT, WHICH WAS CONVERTED INTO A VAST LAKE.



SUGGESTING AN ORIENTAL "ALBERT MEMORIAL": THE ORNATE FUNERAL PYRE (ABOUT 115 FT. HIGH) SPECIALLY BUILT AT BANGKOK FOR THE CREMATION OF THE LATE KING RAMA VI. OF SIAM, WHOSE BODY WAS GIVEN TO THE FLAMES AT SUNSET.

The great floods on the Tigris at Baghdad began to subside about April 12. A message of that date said: "Five thousand men are still working day and night strengthening the embankments. The ladies of the royal family have left for the King's cotton estate, a hundred miles north of Baghdad, and King Feisal himself has found temporary accommodation in the house of a wealthy Jewish merchant of Baghdad. The total damage is probably £2,000,000. Great alarm was caused this morning by the strong northerly breeze, which raised a choppy



PAGEANTRY OF A SIAMESE ROYAL FUNERAL: THE DIAMOND-STUDDED URN OF GOLD CONTAINING THE LATE KING'S BODY, IN POSITION ON THE FUNERAL CAR, WHICH WAS DRAWN TO THE PYRE BY TROOPS.

'sea' in the huge flooded area outside Baghdad. The waves breaking against the embankment threatened to destroy it within a few hours, with dire results for Baghdad, but luckily the wind fell before the damage was irretrievable. It is estimated that 300,000,000 tons of water have overflowed from the Tigris in the last three days."—The cremation of the late King Rama VI. of Siam took place at Bangkok with great pomp and ceremony. The lofty pyre built outside the palace gates was topped with the symbolic three-pointed spear and nine-tiered umbrella.



# SPHINX-LIKE RIDDLES THE *MOTIF* OF PUCCINI'S LAST OPERA: "TURANDOT"—A GORGEOUS PRODUCTION AT MILAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE DRESS REHEARSAL, SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



AS THE PRINCE WHO GUESSES TURANDOT'S RIDDLES AFTER OTHERS HAVE FAILED AND PERISHED: SIGNOR MICHELE FLETA.



THE INTERIOR OF A PAVILION IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT PEKING: THE ORNATE CURTAIN (IN THE FIRST SCENE OF THE SECOND ACT), WHICH PARTS TO DISCLOSE THE SPLENDOURS OF THE CHINESE COURT.



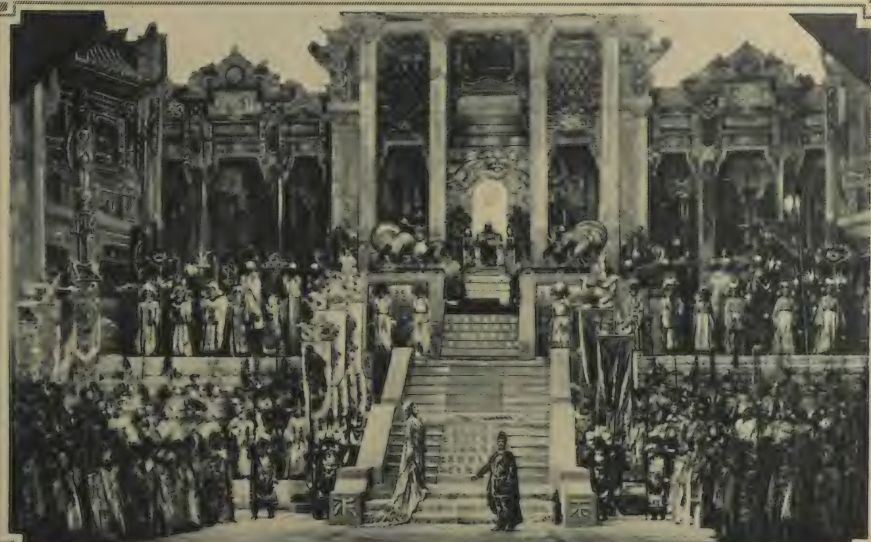
THE MOST APPEALING MOMENT (ACT III, SCENE I, THE PALACE GARDENS): THE SLAVE GIRL, LIU (SIGNORA MARIA ZAMBONI), KNEELING (AT FOOT OF STEPS ON RIGHT) BEFORE TURANDOT, REFUSES, DESPITE TORTURE, TO REVEAL THE PRINCE'S NAME.



THE CHINESE PRINCESS WHO EMULATES THE SPHINX BY PROPOUNDING FATAL RIDDLES: TURANDOT (SIGNORA ROSA RAISA).



THE TRAGIC FATE OF ONE OF TURANDOT'S SUITORS WHO FAILED TO GUESS HER RIDDLES UNDER PENALTY OF DEATH: A SPECTACULAR SCENE (IN ACT I) UNDER THE WALLS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE, SHOWING, ON THE BASTION, THE YOUNG PRINCE OF PERSIA BEING LED TO EXECUTION.



THE CLIMAX OF SPLENDOUR IN AN EXTRAORDINARILY MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION: THE WONDERFUL SPECTACLE IN THE STATE ROOM OF THE PALACE—THE EMPEROR (CENTRE BACKGROUND) ENTHRONED IN GOLD, AND (CENTRE FOREGROUND) TURANDOT PROPOUNDING HER RIDDLES TO THE UNKNOWN PRINCE.

The production of Puccini's last and posthumous opera, "Turandot," at La Scala in Milan, on April 25, under the direction of Signor Toscanini, surpassed in spectacular magnificence anything that has previously been seen at that theatre, famous as it is for gorgeous operatic settings. Puccini left the score unfinished, and shortly before his death remarked to Signor Toscanini that, should he be unable to complete it, an announcement to that effect must be made at the first performance. His wish was carried out, and the opera ended with the pathetic death of the slave girl, Liu, though subsequent performances will include the *finale* added by another composer, Signor Franco Alfano, in which the Prince and Princess are united in another scene of splendour such as that in Act 3 at the gardens of the Imperial Palace. The plot of the opera affords a parallel to the riddle of the Sphinx, and it is a curious coincidence that in this number we are able to illustrate for the first time the excavations and repairs of the Great Sphinx of Egypt. Turandot offers

herself in marriage "to him who, being of royal blood, shall resolve the three riddles which she shall propound; but whose falls suffers the extreme penalty." An unknown Prince, son of an exiled King of Tartary, and beloved by the slave girl, Liu, who guides his old father's footsteps, witnesses the preparations for the execution of the latest unsuccessful suitor, the young Prince of Persia. At first sight of the Princess Turandot, the unknown Prince curses her cruelly, and then, dazzled by her beauty, resolves to put his fortune to the touch, to win or lose it all. He answers the riddles correctly, but offers another in return, declaring that if before daybreak Turandot can discover his name she may yet escape his love and compass his death. Then comes the most appealing episode in the whole opera, when the girl Liu rejects Turandot's scornful questions, and refuses to disclose the name of the man she loves—even under torture. Nor will the Prince utter the one word that could save her. His chivalry did not extend to slaves.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AITKEN, TOPICAL, AND LAFAYETTE.



A POPULAR POLITICIAN:  
THE LATE LORD STUART  
OF WORTLEY.



A NEW A.R.A.: MR. CHARLES  
SARGEANT JAGGER, THE  
SCULPTOR.



A NEW A.R.A.: MR. WALTER  
TAPPER, THE ARCHITECT.



A NEW A.R.A.:  
MR. S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH,  
THE PAINTER.



A WELL-KNOWN JOURNALIST  
AND PUBLICIST: THE LATE  
MR. LOVAT FRASER.



THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER TO H.R.H.  
THE DUCHESS OF YORK: THE DUKE OF  
YORK ENTERING 17, BRUTON STREET.



VISITING HER FIRST GRANDDAUGHTER: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN CALLING ON  
THE DUCHESS OF YORK, AT 17, BRUTON STREET, AFTER THE BIRTH OF THE  
PRINCESS.



AFTER VISITING THE DUCHESS OF YORK  
AND HER NIECE: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY  
LEAVING 17, BRUTON STREET.



PROFESSOR OF ECONOMIC HISTORY IN  
THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: THE  
LATE DR. LILIAN KNOWLES.



A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ARTIST  
AND WRITER:  
THE LATE MR. JOSEPH PENNELL.



WELL KNOWN IN THE WORLD OF  
SHIPPING: THE LATE SIR F. S.  
WATTS.



HYDROGRAPHER TO THE NAVY DURING  
THE WAR: THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR  
JOHN FRANKLIN PARRY.

Lord Stuart of Wortley never held Cabinet rank, but did much good work. He entered Parliament in 1880, when he was successful at Sheffield, with Mr. Mundella as his Liberal colleague. In 1885 he was Under-Secretary at the Home Office. He was interested in various business undertakings.—Mr. Jagger is best known as sculptor of the Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner. He won the Rome Prize in Sculpture in 1914.—Mr. Tapper is architect to York Minster, and he designed the War Memorial in the Lower Chapel at Eton.—Mr. S. J. Birch paints Cornish scenes, and has added Lamorna to his names, from Lamorna Cove.—Mr. Lovat Fraser was editor of "The Times of India" for a while, and,

later, was associated with the "Times" and with the "Daily Mail," the "Daily Mirror," and the "Sunday Pictorial."—Mrs. Lilian Knowles became Dean of the Faculty of Economics in the University of London in 1920, and held that post until 1924, the first woman to serve in such a capacity.—Mr. Joseph Pennell, who was famous as an etcher and, particularly, as a lithographer, did many works of moment, and the readers of this paper have been made familiar with these on numerous occasions. He was an American, but lived much in London. He was associated with Whistler.—Sir Fenwick Watts had been Chairman of the Executive Council of the Shipping Federation.



# A "CLEAN" CUP FINAL: BOLTON'S SECOND VICTORY IN FOUR YEARS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALPIERI, I.B., C.N., AND TOPICAL.



UNDER POLICE PROTECTION AGAINST AN ANGRY CROWD: AN ALLEGED TICKET "PROFITEER" IN TROUBLE OUTSIDE THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY.



ROYAL HONOUR FOR THE VICTORS: THE KING PRESENTING THE CUP TO JOE SMITH, THE BOLTON CAPTAIN.



THE WINNING GOAL—AND THE ONLY ONE SCORED DURING THE WHOLE OF THE MATCH: D. JACK, OF BOLTON (KNEELING ON ONE KNEE IN THE CENTRE), JUST AFTER MAKING HIS SUCCESSFUL SHOT FROM A PASS BY VIZARD—A SHOT WHICH BAFFLED THE MANCHESTER CITY GOALKEEPER, GOODCHILD (SEEN ON THE RIGHT IN THE PHOTOGRAPH).



POPULAR AFFECTION FOR THE VICTORS: SPECTATORS PATTING THE HEADS OF THE BOLTON MEN, AS THEY PASSED ALONG A GANGWAY, LED BY THEIR CAPTAIN, JOE SMITH, WITH THE CUP.



SCORER OF THE WINNING GOAL, AND OF THE FIRST GOAL KICKED IN A CUP TIE AT WEMBLEY (IN 1923): D. JACK DRINKING A "VICTORY" HEALTH FROM THE CUP, AMONG HIS COMRADES.

The Final Tie for the Football Association Challenge Cup, between Bolton Wanderers and Manchester City, was played in the Stadium at Wembley, on April 24, in the presence of the King and a well-ordered crowd of some 90,000 spectators. Bolton won by one goal to none, the winning shot being made, in the second half of the game, by D. Jack, who also has the distinction of having scored the first goal ever kicked in a Cup Tie at Wembley, when Bolton beat West Ham in 1923. The Wanderers have thus won the Cup for the second time in four years. The King presented it to them, and it may be recalled that it

was the effect of his Majesty's personality that restored order at the 1923 match, when play was held up for nearly an hour by an unruly crowd who had rushed the entrances and surged on to the field. On the present occasion there was no such trouble, and it was remarked, also, that no Final had ever been played so cleanly and fairly throughout. Not a single free kick was awarded against either side for coarse play. Outside the ground there was a good deal of indignation against sellers of tickets at inflated prices, and certain alleged "profiteers" had to be protected by the police.



## AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABRAHAMS AND SONS (DEVONPORT), C.N., CENTRAL PRESS, P. AND A., TOPICAL, AND L.N.A.



THE FIRST POST-WAR LIGHT CRUISER FITTED WITH A FLYING-OFF TURNTABLE PLATFORM FOR A SEAPLANE: H.M.S. "ENTERPRISE," NEWLY COMPLETED AT DEVONPORT DOCKYARD—SHOWING A SEAPLANE IN POSITION ON THE PLATFORM (JUST TO LEFT OF MAST AT STERN).



WITH A SEAPLANE ON IT READY FOR FLIGHT: A CLOSE VIEW OF THE TURNTABLE LAUNCHING PLATFORM ON BOARD H.M.S. "ENTERPRISE," A NEW FEATURE IN LIGHT CRUISERS.



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED WITH THE FLAGS OF SIXTY-THREE NATIONS, INCLUDING THAT OF SOVIET RUSSIA: A REMARKABLE SCENE IN BRIDGE STREET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, AT THE UNFURLING CEREMONY.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (EXTREME LEFT ON PLATFORM, WITH SENATOR CREMONESI) AT THE CELEBRATION OF ROME'S 2679TH BIRTHDAY AND THE NEW ITALIAN COLONIAL DAY: A MARCH-PAST NEAR THE COLOSSEUM (IN BACKGROUND).



"FAUST" IN MODERN DRESS AT BIRMINGHAM: (L. TO R.) MARGUERITE (MISS IRENE COLLISON) PASSING THE WINDOW WHILE FAUST (MR. ERIC CROSS) IS MAKING HIS COMPACT WITH MEPHISTOPHELES (MR. KARL MELENE).

The new British light cruiser, H.M.S. "Enterprise," which is to relieve the "Cairo" on the East Indies station, is the first post-war ship of that type to possess a launching platform for a seaplane. She has other novel features, including guns of a new type and distinctive superstructure.—On the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and death, April 23, the flags of sixty-three nations were unfurled in Bridge Street, Stratford-on-Avon, and a procession marched to Trinity Church to lay wreaths and flowers on the poet's tomb.—Signor Mussolini received a great ovation in Rome on the city's 2679th birthday, April 21, which was also inaugurated



DISTINGUISHED PALL-BEARERS AT THE FUNERAL OF SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT: (L. TO R.) SIR ARTHUR PINERO, LORD BUCKMASTER, SIR J. FORBES-ROBERTSON, GENERAL SIR NEVIL MACREADY, AND SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.

as Italy's Colonial Day, on the lines of our Empire Day. One of the chief events was the march-past of school children and young Fascists before Signor Mussolini and Senator Cremonesi, Governor of Rome.—A performance of "Faust" in modern dress was given recently, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, by the Birmingham Amateur Opera Society.—The funeral of Sir Squire Bancroft took place at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on April 23, and was attended by many prominent members of the profession. The pall-bearers included Sir Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Gilbert Hare, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh.



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## DEWAR'S



## NAMESAKE OF WILLIAM THE SILENT'S WIFE: HOLLAND'S PRINCESS.

FROM A PAINTING BY PIET VAN DER HEM. (COPYRIGHTED.)



KEEPING HER SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY: PRINCESS JULIANA OF HOLLAND  
WITH HER PARENTS—QUEEN WILHELMINA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

Princess Juliana of Holland celebrated her seventeenth birthday on April 30. It is said that when she comes of age, next year, she will be proclaimed Princess of Orange, heiress to the throne, and will have a palace of her own at the Hague. She is described as being fond of society and amusement, and at present not much interested in politics. Princess Juliana is named after the wife of William

the Silent. Her mother, Queen Wilhelmina, is a daughter of William III., and was only ten when he died in 1890. The Princess's father, who bears the title of Prince of the Netherlands, is an Admiral of the Dutch Navy, and Lieutenant-General of the Dutch and Indo-Dutch armies. He was known as Prince Henry of Mecklenburg before he was naturalised as a Dutchman on his marriage to the Queen.



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN has been motoring about the fine country within reach of Windsor, and has seen the building of the new residential club for gentlewomen of very limited means, which is one of the good works of Friends of the Poor, under the presidency of Princess Marie Louise, and for which Lady Bertha Dawkins, one of her Majesty's Ladies-in-Waiting has made such a successful appeal. The King has resumed his morning rides, and has been accompanied by Prince Henry, who has been staying at the Castle. Princess Victoria is now convalescent, and the King is relieved from anxiety about this sister to whom he has always been much attached. Happily, his Majesty is in excellent health and spirits, and is troubled only by the disputes in the industrial world.

The new Countess of Gainsborough has been well known in society as Viscountess Campden. She has been well to the front in helping good causes,



THE WIFE OF THE NEW  
EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH:  
LADY GAINSBOROUGH.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

and she is fond of music and a good executant. She has a son, now Viscount Campden, who will be three in October, and a daughter, Lady Maureen Noel, in her ninth year. Lord Gainsborough is Major in the T.A. Reserve (T.D.); he was Hon. Attaché in the Diplomatic Service, and he has shown quite a pretty talent for acting in amateur performances, usually in those written and produced by his brother-in-law. He has the O.B.E. Lord Gainsborough is, on his mother's side, Irish, as she is the daughter of Mr. James Arthur Dease, of Turbotstown, West Meath. Lady Norah Bentinck, well known as a traveller and writer, is one of Lord Gainsborough's sisters; the other is Lady Clare King.

The Marchioness of Reading will not be begrudged her title, for she is a lady who draws to her the best in her fellow women, and is much liked and respected by men. When she underwent a serious operation in India the anxiety about her here was widespread and sincere, and in India she has made herself greatly loved. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Albert Cohen, of London. Her only child, Lord Erleigh, married Sir Alfred and Lady Mond's eldest daughter, and they have a son of ten, and two little girls. Lord Reading and his wife are, of course, Jews, a race and lineage which makes mere mushroom growth of Western aristocracies. To good and clever Jews the world owes very much; they are wealthy, for the most part, and also wise; and in manner most courteous, in learning often profound, and in art always well endowed with talent. They do much to remove a prejudice created by the off-scourings of a splendid race. Lord Reading owes his success to his own talents and character, and the new Marchioness is his fitting mate.



A NEW MARCHIONESS: LADY READING.

Photograph by Yevonde.

There are some débutantes of this year whose fathers will entertain for them. One is the Hon. Diana Chetwynd, for whom Viscount Chetwynd gives a ball at Chapel House, Charles Street, which belongs to his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Vickers. Viscount Furness also has a motherless girl. He will give a dance for her on Tuesday in Whitsun week, and it will be in 17, Arlington Street, the house of Lord and Lady Yarborough, which Lord Furness has rented for the past few years. The Hon. Averill Furness is an only daughter, and has one brother, four years her junior. Lord Furness is himself an only child, so there are not a lot of relatives to entertain for his daughter. She is an excellent horsewoman and an efficient deerstalker, and loves the open and all its sports. Her mother was a daughter of Mr. G. J. H. Hogg, of Seaton Carew, County Durham, so she is of the North Country on both sides.

Miss Foy Quiller-Couch has done a brave thing in a thrilling rescue, by means of her individual pluck, and skill in her motor-boat. Three men had gone sailing, sailor-men from a foreign ship loading with china clay. In dangerous currents, with a heavy sea, they were soon in difficulties. Miss Quiller-Couch, seeing the failure of their efforts to reach harbour, put off in her boat, threw the men a rope, and then towed them in, a task, in the circumstances, of great danger and difficulty. Miss Quiller-Couch lives at Fowey, where the incident occurred, her mother being a Fowey woman, Miss Louisa Amelia Hicks. Her only brother, who died on active service during the war, once made most gallant efforts to rescue an old gentleman friend with whom he had gone for a sail at night, and the boat capsized. He made three attempts to get the old gentleman of seventy-three to land, but was unsuccessful.

Lady Archer Hill, wife of the new Governor of the Isle of Man, is the daughter of Sir Raymond West, K.C.I.E., and has spent a good part of her married life in India. During the war her husband was a member of the Council of India, and in 1921 was Director-General of the League of Red Cross societies. Of late, Sir Claude Hamilton and Lady Archer Hill have been living with their family at Jacques, Garboldisham, Norfolk, or at 9, Foulis Terrace, S.W. They will go soon to the Isle of Man, which is lovely at this time of year.

The King has appointed Major Douglas Mackenzie, Seaforth Highlanders, as Commissioner at Balmoral in succession to the Duchess of Atholl's brother, Sir Douglas Ramsay, who had to resign in order to look after the Banff estates when he succeeded to the baronetcy. The King always gives such coveted positions to ex-Service men. Major Douglas Mackenzie won in the Great War the D.S.O., the Order of Leopold of Belgium, and the Belgian Croix de Guerre. The father of the Guards, General Sir George Higginson, who will be a hundred in June, is his grandfather. He has a charming wife in the eldest daughter of Mr. H. B. Hoare, of Sutton Veny, Warminster, and 6, Lowndes Street, S.W. They have two sons and one daughter.

Mrs. Baldwin, most hospitable of hostesses, has been driven to give publicity to the inconvenience caused by failure to send answers to invitations sent for parties given in aid of good causes. It is thus impossible to issue other cards instead of those sent to people who cannot accept. As Mrs. Baldwin gives tea on these occasions, it is also not possible to make

arrangements as to numbers expected. If any cakes or other dainties are left over from her private parties they are sent at once to a hospital. For a philanthropical meeting, when no answers are sent, it is not easy to gauge the attendance at all nearly. Time was when it was a social solecism not to answer a card on which "R.S.V.P." appeared, but manners are now so decadent that even private invitations are often not answered unless they are for dinner.



A SINGER FOR CHARITY: MRS. J. ORMAN LAWSON-JOHNSTON.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

Mrs. J. Orman Lawson-Johnston, who has been singing recently for a good cause, is a pupil of the late Jean de Reszké. She sang duets with Eric Marshall, and, besides being a very vivacious and attractive-looking American, she is a delightful singer. When going from America to Paris to resume her studies, she embarked on the ill-fated *Lusitania*. She suffered so greatly from the shock of that torpedoing that for five years she could not sing at all. She gave a concert for charity last season in her house in Upper Berkeley Street,

and again, quite recently, in her flat at 2, Mansfield Street. Lady St. John of Bletso helped her to organise the concert, which was an interesting one, to help to finish up Lady Bertha Dawkins's appeal for the club for gentlewomen of small means at Sunninghill.

Lady Erleigh is the eldest daughter of Sir Alfred Mond, and she married Lord Erleigh in 1914. She is greatly interested in child welfare, and is doing much with regard to the artificial sunlight treatment for poor children, and last Wednesday gave a ball for that admirable cause, the Sun Babies' Day Nursery, for which Lady Mond lent her fine house in Lowndes Square. Among the dinner hostesses for this dance were Lady Reading, Lady St. John of Bletso, Lady Weigall, Lady Crosfield, and the Hon. Elsie Mackay, Lord Inchcape's daughter. Quite recently Lady Erleigh wrote a book entitled, "In the Beginning: a First History for Little Children," in which she describes the gradual development of man in a way that will interest and intrigue her little readers, who will hardly realise they are imbibing knowledge, so much will they enjoy the book. It is dedicated to Michael, which is the name of her son. Lord Erleigh is a barrister by profession, was educated at Rugby and at Balliol College, Oxford, and during the war was in the Inns of Court O.T.C., Royal Fusiliers, and on the Staff; he has the M.C. and the Croix de Guerre. They have a house at 65, Rutland Gate, S.W.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE NEW MARCHIONESS OF READING: LADY ERLEIGH.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The four Courts of the year are settled, and so far all will be held at Buckingham Palace. If one is held at Holyrood Palace during their Majesties' visit to Edinburgh, it will be an extra one. Arrangements for the season's dances and doings now proceed apace. It is never good to entertain save in a small way on the same dates as Courts, which are, of course, the great things of their evenings for which rest before is necessary. Often small dances later are much appreciated, at which the events of the Court are eagerly discussed.

A. E. L.





Born 1820—  
Still going Strong!

#### OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 1

### “Talking through one’s hat”

**A**BOUT the middle of last century it was usual for men, on entering a church, to stand, holding their hats before their faces, and to utter a preliminary prayer “through their hats,” instead of kneeling in the more orthodox manner.

At some University churches this still is the custom, the college cap being held closely before the face and the head slightly bowed.

There is a story told against one Fellow of Magdalen who, on taking a friend unacquainted with this custom to the church, was listened to by his companion, who overheard a repetition of the words “Brown and Barker, Hatters, Norwich; Brown and Barker, Hatters, Norwich . . . .”

The most popular saying to-day is  
“Johnnie Walker, please!”



# Fashions & Fancies

WE LIVE IN AN AGE OF SURPRISING INVENTIONS, AND HERE IS A DISCOVERY OF FAR-REACHING IMPORTANCE IN THE ETERNAL REALM OF FASHION.

The frocks and suits are obtainable from all the leading stores.

Embossed  
Pleating and  
Appliquéd  
Embroideries.

Celanese marocain lends itself wonderfully to embroideries and intricate pleating which make all the difference to a formal afternoon dress. At the Holland Park Exhibition recently, there was a beautiful wedding dress of this material, with flowers to match appliquéd on the skirt and decorating the edge of the train. Embossed pleating, too, with quaint designs carried out in the pleats, is introduced in many frocks, and some are beautifully embroidered with floral designs in rich colourings. Two are particularly charming and quite new, "Sunrise," and a soft forget-me-not blue. There



Forget-me-not blue and beige are the charming colourings of this Celanese marocain frock, introducing a neat bolero.

are delightful suits with white plissé skirts completed with jumpers in these tints.

Other Celanese  
Fabrics.

In addition to marocain, there are Celanese satin, crêpe-de-Chine, and foulards which are equally perfect in their kind. There is a heavy satin for frocks and a lighter variety specially for lingerie. Being entirely free from loading, it will wash and wear indefinitely. These materials—all, in fact, except the marocain—can be obtained by the yard, as well as made up into hosts of pretty garments, trimmed with lace and embroidery. Then there are the ladderproof fabrics which are so valuable for lingerie. There is Celanese milanese, Self-Stripe, and "Locknit," all admitting freely the sun's health-giving ultra-violet rays which are so important towards our well-being, especially in these days when changes of temperature and weather must deter no one from carrying out their busy occupations as usual. Briefly, Celanese is a name to be remembered when buying frocks or lingerie at any season of the year.

Celanese  
Stockings.

Silk stockings are a problem which trouble every woman, however elastic her pocket may be. In these days it is a positive necessity to wear good stockings, for the short skirt reveals unmercifully every flaw. Ladders, alas! have a way of appearing in even the most costly variety, and the woman with a moderate allowance is always seeking inexpensive stockings that will really last. They must make a note of the fact, therefore, that there are Celanese stockings, as well as lingerie and frocks, endowed with equally sound qualities. And a further advantage lies in the price, for they cost only a few shillings a pair, and are obtainable in all the fashionable shades. Thus with stockings, lingerie jumper suits and elaborate frocks created of Celanese fabrics, it is evident that this new artificial silk material has taken an important place in the world of dress. There is a complete British Celanese colony in Derbyshire, where the yarn is woven into a bewildering variety of exquisite fabrics, for which special machines had to be invented and a new series of dyes evolved. Hundreds of technical chemists, weaving experts, and skilled workers of many kinds are engaged in this new industry, the results of which are to be seen all over the country. For every woman whose dress allowance is not unlimited, Celanese is a discovery with a personal significance.



A hem-stitched design decorates this pretty jumper suit of Celanese marocain, with a pleated skirt.

The Sacred  
Silkworm of  
Old China.

Only China, at the time when Western civilisation was in the hands of the Roman Empire, knew the secret of silk. The

astonishing fact that the beautiful materials which left her shores to travel all over the world, and brought back wealth, originated from tiny silkworms, was one that every Chinese had to guard with his life, and history has many romantic stories to tell of the unsuccessful spies of every nationality sent to elucidate the mystery.

The Modern  
"Robot"  
Silkworm.

Since the revelation of the silkworm, a still more surprising, and equally important discovery has been made—one which has

taken up to the present time to perfect. It is the creation of the beautiful British Celanese materials, of which the fibre is spun by mechanical silkworms which perform their part as faultlessly as any "Robots." It is so fine that twenty of these fibres spun together make a lustrous thread no thicker than an ordinary sewing silk. Celanese is a product of the war. In its original form it was used to protect fragile aeroplane wings from the effects of sun and rain, as it possessed the scientific property of insulation, which now makes it so valuable a form of clothing, especially lingerie, protecting the wearer from the effects of excessive heat and cold. Celanese lingerie, however, is already well known to every woman, and it is the fascinating Celanese marocain and satin materials for frocks and jumper suits, simple or elaborate, which are two of the most interesting débutantes of this season, and have a wonderful future before them.

Celanese  
Marocain.

A glance at the illustrations on this page will describe better than words the attractive frocks

for every occasion which are made of Celanese marocain. In appearance, the material is indistinguishable from real silk, save to an expert, and the loveliest pastel shades are available, as well as darker colours. The jumper suits and simple frocks make ideal tennis and river outfits, for the material washes splendidly, does not spot with the rain, and retains its bright sheen, which improves, rather than dims, with constant laundering. Despite these many virtues, it is actually artificial silk, and the price is correspondingly moderate, so that the discovery of these Celanese materials is of great importance in the world of dress.



FREE—10-Day Tube—*Mail coupon.*

# Teeth Made White —glorious, gleaming!

Your gums like coral to contrast  
them—just remove that dingy film;  
see what happens

**T**HIS offers a remarkable dental test. A test millions have made during the last few years, with almost unbelievable results.

It gives cloudy teeth a clear and beautiful whiteness. It adds high polish and lustre. It firms the gums and gives them a clear and healthy look.

And it does those things quickly. On dental advice, the world is turning to this way. Will you test it, please; then note results yourself?

*There's a film  
coat on your  
teeth*

Dental science now tells us that most tooth troubles have a potential origin in a film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it



.... a slippery, viscous coating. That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off colour" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays.

## *Whiter Teeth, Firm Gums*

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

# PEPSODENT

*The New-day Quality Dentifrice*

Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities.

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**FREE—Mail this for 10-Day Tube**

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Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family. *I.L.N. 1/5 26*



*Specially drawn by G. Spencer Pryse.*

## The Science of Identity

*From Sandy Hook to 'Frisco, St. John's to Singapore,  
From Simla to Colombo, from Calcutta to Lahore,  
From Sydney to the Argentine, from China to Peru,  
There a market place for British goods, and a Monomark for you.*

The definition of a British Commercial Monomark is "I MAKE"—"I SELL." A British Commercial Monomark means that Producer and Product are one—always and everywhere. A British Commercial Monomark is the complete name and address of its owner, consequently every Monomarked article establishes identity. In any part of the world a British Monomark is a sure means of communication between Manufacturer, Merchant and Customer. What is a Monomark? A Monomark is yourself, your product, your individuality, your reputation in the world's market—symbolised. You manufacture cutlery in Sheffield. It may have a quality not usual, even in Sheffield. Monomark it! You weave cloth in Bradford, fabrics in Oldham, you make Aluminium ware in Birmingham, pottery in Burslem. There are others. Yours may be better or more uniform. Make it known. Monomark it. Monomark your product, your correspondence, your stationery, your calendars, all your literature. Establish your individuality by that Monomark. A British Commercial Monomark is instantly recognisable and impossible of duplication. In markets you may never see, or your travellers may never reach—your Monomark is YOU and YOURS. Just as the Artificers of Toledo and Damascus and the Armourers of Milan marked their blades and chain mail, you can mark your products by your Monomark. A British Monomark on a sound product contains possibilities unknown and immeasurable to you, your City, and the Empire.

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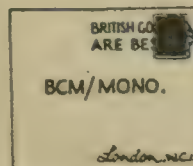
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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

## THE FUTURE OF BROADCASTING.

THE Report of the Broadcasting Committee, which was presented to the Postmaster-General, may be said roughly to have recommended nationalisation of broadcasting in this country. The object for which the Committee was appointed was to advise the Government department concerned on the scope of broadcasting, and on the best method of controlling, managing, and financing the service after the expiry of the present license, which runs until Dec. 31, 1926.

The Committee has not recommended the continuance of the present license to the B.B.C., on the ground that the powers are too wide and important to be entrusted to business men and representatives of particular interests. The Report states: "We think a public corporation the most appropriate organisation. However established, it would hold the license of the Postmaster-General, and in view of the scale, significance and potentialities of Broadcasting, the proposed corporation should be invested with full authority. Its status and duties should correspond with those of a public service, and its directorate should be appointed with the sole object of promoting the utmost utility and development of the enterprise. We think the British Broadcasting Commission would be a suitable title for the new authority."

While admitting that, on the whole, the contention of the Committee is a good one, and that the time is now ripe for the extremely important service of broadcasting to be taken over by a public authority, lest in course of time abuses inevitably creep in, a tribute must be paid to the private enterprise which originated and developed broadcasting. In these days, when there is an ever-increasing danger of the individual being sacrificed to the State or the social system, it is well to remind ourselves frequently that all progress, all benefits, of every kind whatsoever, are the fruit of individual effort. The State, the nation, society, and all other corporations originate nothing and create nothing. At their best,



A TYPE OF PUBLIC VEHICLE MUCH IN EVIDENCE AT THE MOMENT: A MOTOR-OMNIBUS HAVING ITS SHOWER-BATH OF DISINFECTANT AFTER THE DAY'S WORK—GAS-MASKED OPERATORS SPRAYING THE SEATS WITH A GERM-KILLING MIXTURE.

Photograph by I.B.

and when functioning most smoothly and harmlessly, they consolidate what the individual has won. The less society, in this process of consolidation, hampers and restricts the freedom of the individual, the better and happier it is. These are familiar platitudes, but, like most common truths, they are frequently forgotten, and it is particularly necessary to remind ourselves of the usual fate of public organisations which are compelled by their nature always to play for safety, and that fate is to go so slowly that movement is invisible.

The Committee advocates the appointment of five to seven directors, or Commissioners, to hold office for five years, retiring in rotation, but being eligible for reappointment, and that these Commissioners should be given the fullest powers. This is a good recommendation in theory, and it may work in practice, but obviously everything depends upon the selection of those Commissioners. Who is going to supply the driving force, the desire to try new things, the energy and the courage to initiate and experiment? Obviously the Commissioners must be highly paid, because the demands upon their time and thought will be very great, and they will have in their control the most potent educational force in the country. But the publicity in which they will be compelled to work, the constant pressure of criticism which will be directed towards them in the Press and in Parliament, will be far greater than anything of a similar nature experienced by any ordinary department or branch of the Civil Service. Nor will they be, like the ordinary Civil-servant, safe in the enjoyment of their salaries whatever criticism is made against their work. At the end of their term of five years they may find themselves ignominiously ejected. This situation may either paralyse them with caution or it may make them extremely adventurous. But most sensible people will agree that, on the whole, it is more likely to make for efficiency than if the Commissioners were appointed for life.

It is, however, impossible to exaggerate the importance of the initial selection of the

[Continued overleaf.]



THE fragrance of a thousand flowers lies captive in the amber heart of Soirée—the latest triumph of the perfumer's art that gives the *cachet* of exclusiveness—the hall-mark of Paris.

Crème, Parfum and Poudre are now obtainable in this exquisite new series, so that Madame may now delight in the triple harmony of her toilet requisites.

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## ATTRACTIVE AND USEFUL BREAKFAST FROCK.

"Marcia"

Useful Breakfast Frock (suitable for countrywear) in good quality cotton georgette, simple tucked bodice and vandyked skirt French embroidered in ecru, finished binds and buttons to tone. In white, helio, grey, green, coral, sand, saxe, etc.

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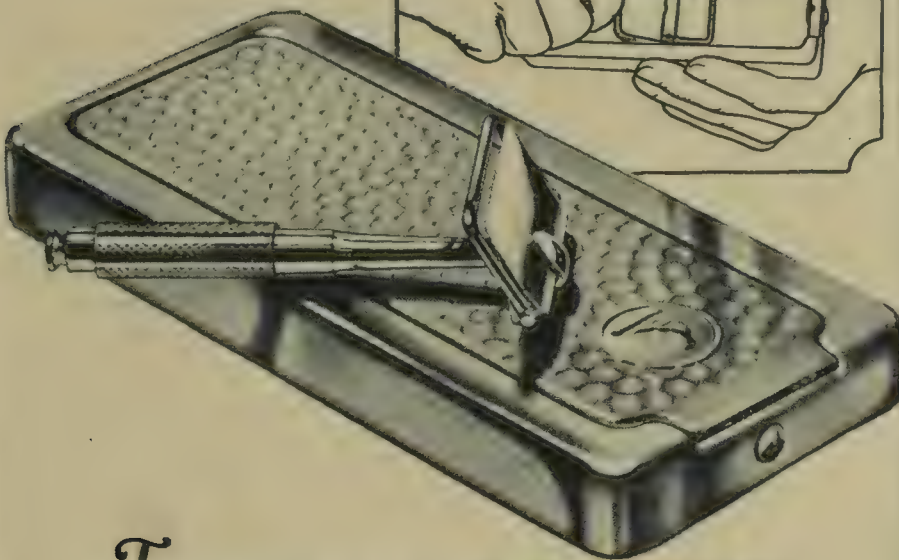
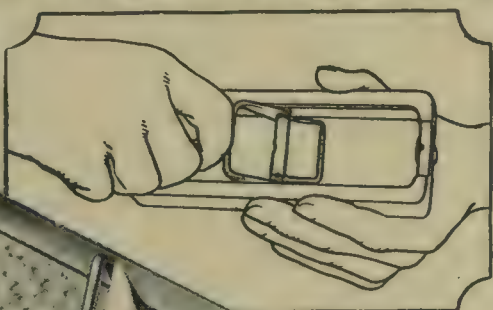
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# ONE BLADE —OR PACKETS AND PACKETS?

You stropp and hone the Rolls blade simply by moving the handle to and fro.



**T**HE Rolls blade is worth packets and packets of ordinary safety razor blades.

It is worth more.

It begins shaving you better than the wafer-like blade can possibly shave you.

It goes on shaving you better. And then it goes on.

(Not another Rolls blade. The same one.)

It does this day in, day out, year in, year out. (We guarantee it in writing for five years.)

Why? Because it is all-steel and hollow-ground.

Because, being all-steel and hollow-ground, it can be *self-honed and self-stropped* just as a clasp razor can be honed and stropped by a barber.

That is the story of the Rolls blade; the blade that belongs to the Rolls razor—the handiest and most efficient and most economical safety razor ever made.

Made entirely in Britain.



At all good chemists, stores, cutlers and hairdressers.

New "Popular" Model 25/-

Standard Model 30/-

Have the Rolls Razor demonstrated to-day. There's a shop near you that stocks it.

## SIGNS and their SIGNIFICANCE



*The* **GEORGE HOTEL**  
Odiham,  
Hants.

Stretching in comfort in the sixteenth century panelled rooms of "The George" at Odiham, visions of past scenes beneath the inn's ancient sign rise before us.

The coachman has just drawn up after a fast stage. For the last six miles he "sprung his cattle" and covered the distance in thirty minutes. Onlookers rush to greet friends, travellers hurry within to attack the waiting fare with appetites born of the open road. Potmen, carvers and buxom maids attend to the hundred and one requests.

Suddenly all is deserted, a new team has been harnessed, passengers stowed aboard, and to the music of the guard's "yard of tin" the coach whirls away.

The dreamer awakes, thankful that the mode of travel has changed, but happy that signs like "The George" still hold a welcome.

## A Famous Sign of To-day

**PRATTS**

is that of PRATTS SPIRIT, giving a cheery message of the speed and comfort of modern travel. Displayed by garages everywhere they assure the motorists that Pratts, the original guaranteed spirit, is available in any quantity, pure, powerful and reliable.

**PRATTS**

*Uniform everywhere  
Reliable always*

Applications are invited from famous hostelrys for inclusion in this series.



D.A. 717

**ROLLS  
RAZOR**  
COSTS NOTHING FOR BLADES



(Continued.)

Septemvirate, for these seven will have more influence on the thought of the people during the next generation than the Board of Education and all the primary and secondary schools put together. It is reassuring to discover that the Committee emphasises the necessity of high standards—

"We are, of course, familiar with the inevitable criticism of the current programmes. Classical music depresses one section of listeners; the jazz band exasperates a second; and a third desires greater immunity from each. In our opinion the B.B.C. has held the balance between conflicting tastes with discretion. The listener is entitled to latitude. He must not be pressed to assimilate too much of what he calls 'highbrow' broadcast, and the Commissioners would not be wise in transmitting more educational matter than licensees are prepared to accept. At the same time every effort must be made to raise the standard of style and performance. Light music can be first-rate in quality and serious music can be

extremely popular. We are assured by musicians eminent in their art, and versed in this very problem, that the gradual infusion of improved standards will be welcomed by listeners—unconsciously at first, but with growing appreciation. . . . The new authority steadily, but with great patience, must try to improve the standard in each sphere of its activity, especially in music."

This is admirable commonsense, although I do not know why music should be singled out as being more susceptible of improvement than literature and drama as transmitted by wireless, unless it is for the simple reason that there is more of it. One of the prime necessities which the directorate of broadcasting would do well to bear constantly in mind is the need of

variety. In fact, I am not sure that it is not the most important feature of all. There is only one standard by which to judge the efficiency of such an instrument as broadcasting puts into our hands, and that is by the pleasure it gives to the listeners. Genuine pleasure is the highest, I might almost say the only, educational force. Nothing is more disastrous than the notion that people ought to be taught to know better by compulsion. An audience that is bored learns nothing. Give the public all the jazz it wants, while taking care to give it something else as well, but don't force the better stuff in disproportionate quantities upon it. If people are given jazz and plenty of it, they will soon begin to get bored with jazz, provided they are given something else to

compare it with. And, above all, beware of spoiling the great masterpieces of art, which should not be hawked about as if they were to be picked up at every corner. The plays of Shakespeare have very nearly been ruined for English



AN IDYLIC SPRING SCENE BESIDE THE LOVELY LAKE OF LUCERNE: A COTTAGE AT VITZNAU, AND A WEALTH OF WILD FLOWERS.

Switzerland is a delightful holiday ground at all seasons, but especially so in the spring and early summer. The village of Vitznau is the most sheltered spot on the Lake of Lucerne, and has a rich southern vegetation. It lies at the foot of the Vitznauer Stock (4775 ft.), and from it runs the mountain railway up the Rigi.

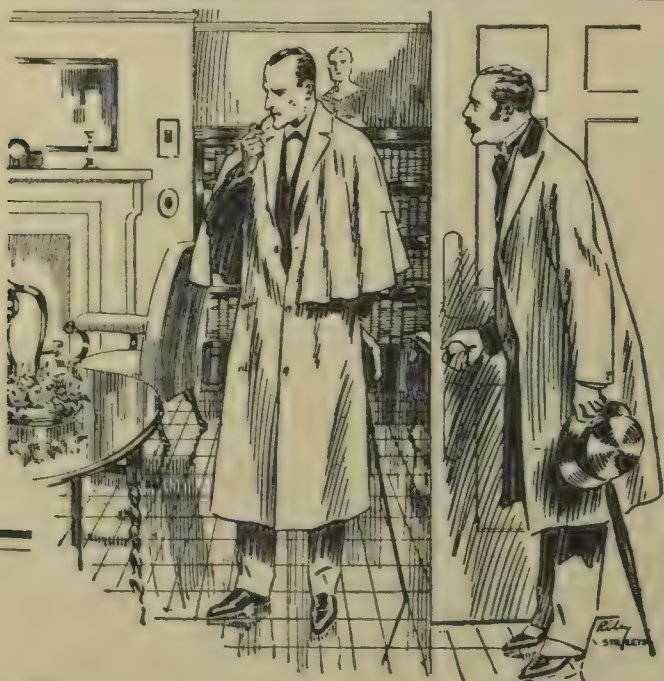


THE GLORY OF SPRING IN SWITZERLAND, WHICH IS AT ITS BEST IN THAT SEASON: A PICTURESQUE CREEPER-CLAD CHALET ON THE SHORES OF LAKE ZURICH.

men and women through being forced upon them too early and in too large doses at school, long before they were sufficiently developed to appreciate them.

But there is one sphere where the most ruthless and exacting standards can be demanded, and that is in execution. Whatever is played, sung, or said, let it be as well done as is possible. Singers who wobble, sing out of tune, or have bad enunciation should be determinedly excluded. This means that half the profession in this country will immediately drop out. This is only one of the many benefits that will follow in the track of broadcasting. There are many others equally desirable, and equally accessible, provided the Commission that is appointed is honest, enterprising, and discriminating.

W. J. TURNER.



## Sherlock Holmes:

"The fellow must have moved the things about this room, Watson, yet I see no evidence of his having done so. But notice that clean fresh smell? RONUK! Surely you recognise it? Not a fingerprint on the furniture—not a scratch or mark on the linoleum."

(With apologies to Sir A. Conan Doyle.)

# RONUK FLOOR POLISH

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

NOW 2½d., 4½d., 6½d., 10d., 1½ and 1⅙ per tin.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE. RONUK, Ltd., PORTSLADE, SUSSEX.



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are finding that their most exacting requirements are skilfully met in the Salons of the new Hairdressing and Beauty Centre of Feminix.

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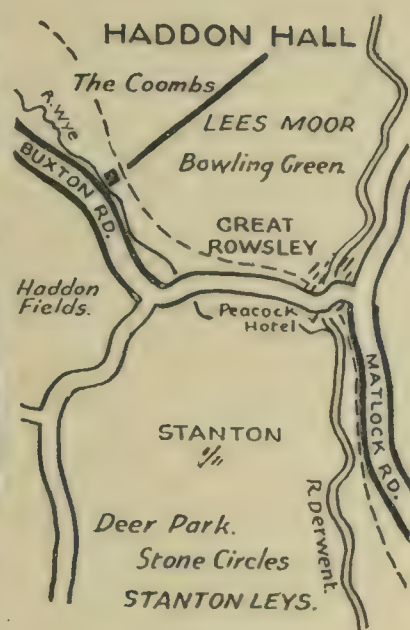
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"BP" Touring Series—No. 11



## HADDON HALL

	from	
London	-	151 miles
Birmingham	-	67 "
Manchester	-	38 "
Newcastle	-	151 "
Bristol	-	156 "
Southampton	-	181 "

## HADDON HALL

Chiefly of Norman origin, Haddon is the seat of the Vernon and Manners families, and, incidentally, is the "Martindale Hall" of Scott's novel, "Peveril of the Peak."

The Hall came into the possession of the Manners family through the marriage of the famous Dorothy Vernon with Sir John Manners, the story of whose romantic elopement has provided a theme for poets and authors.

About 25 miles north-west of Derby, the Hall lies in the hilly Peak district of Derbyshire.

Steep hills and narrow lanes will not deter you if you run on "BP," the British Petrol. For this highly volatile motor spirit provides your engine with that clean powerful mixture which is the secret of successful running. And "BP" is produced within these shores by the most modern methods known to science. It is clean, uniform, economical, reliable—and it is British.

**"BP"**

*The British Petrol*

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

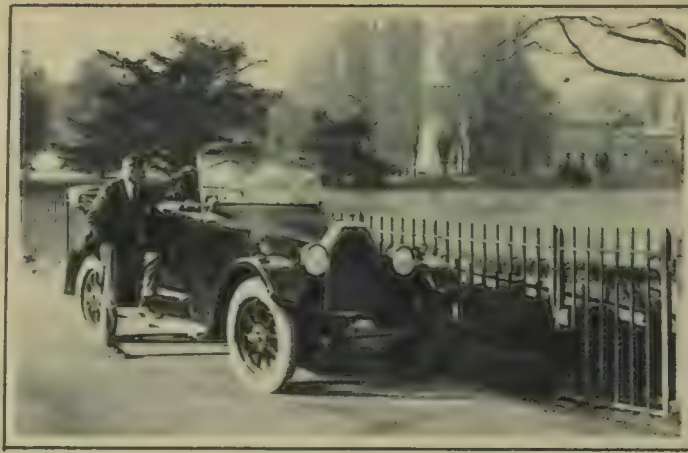
Motoring as a Sport. Much discussion has taken place over the decision of the S.M.M.T. to ban the bulk of the sporting fixtures organised by various clubs and organisations. From what I can gather as one who runs and reads, a great deal of opposition to the Society's decision is coalescing, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that we may see an acute cleavage within the ranks of motoring. I have always stood for the sporting side of the movement, because I hold to the opinion that, had it not been for sporting events of all kinds, we should never have evolved the motor-car as we know it to-day. I am still an out-and-put advocate of racing and tests of every kind, but I do think there are two sides to the immediate question. I cannot conceive that the Society would have placed its ban upon sport if that sport had been conducted on proper lines. By that I do not mean to infer that there has been any maladministration on the part of anybody concerned, but I do think that sporting fixtures have been badly overdone in the interests of the organising bodies. It is well known to those inside the organisation of these events that the body concerned with the promotion of any fixture of an "open" nature makes a substantial profit on the deal. Apart from that, there is a considerable interest attaching to an event of the kind, which attracts membership to the club or association, and provides a very interesting time for those already within its ranks.

In the earlier days of the movement, we had a comparatively few events which in course of time became known as classics. That was all to the good, but later on, as clubs grew in number and became ambitious, the numbers of such sporting fixtures became legion, and the tax on the industry, which was looked to for the major support, became almost intolerable, for it must be borne in mind that the main interest in

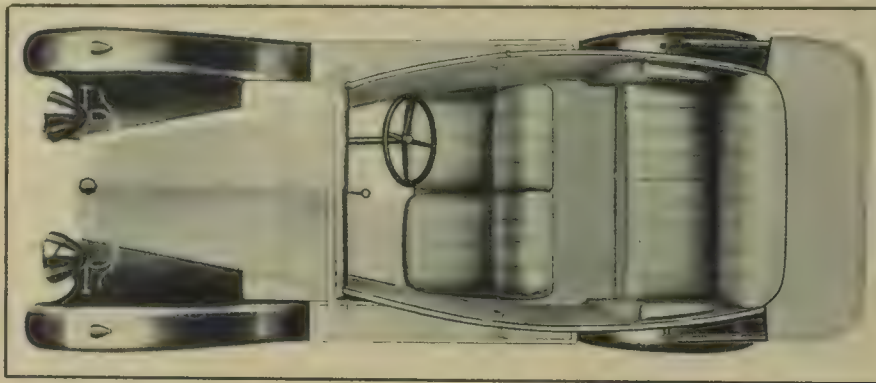
hill-climbs and races is in the 'fast' classes, which are drawn from the trade entries almost exclusively. It is easy to see that an enterprising secretary of a club had only to go to a well-known racing firm and, in soliciting their entry, let fall that their

of occasions on which I hear criticism of the system, there still seems a lot to be learned about front-wheel brakes, not by the designer and the manufacturer, but by the user. I sometimes find a friend who tells me that his car has unaccountably fallen off in performance. He has done everything he knows to get it back to its original state, but has failed to diagnose the trouble. Several times lately I have been called in for consultation on a case of the sort, and have invariably found that the trouble is due to binding front-wheel brakes. Obviously, if this condition is present, performance is bound to suffer. Therefore, I offer this word of advice: if your car does fall off as I have said, and if it is fitted with four-wheel brakes, examine those on the front wheels and see whether they are in proper adjustment. Five times out of six you will find that this is the trouble. The remedy is too obvious to need stating. By acting on this hint, car-owners will doubtless be able to overcome the difficulty.

W. W.



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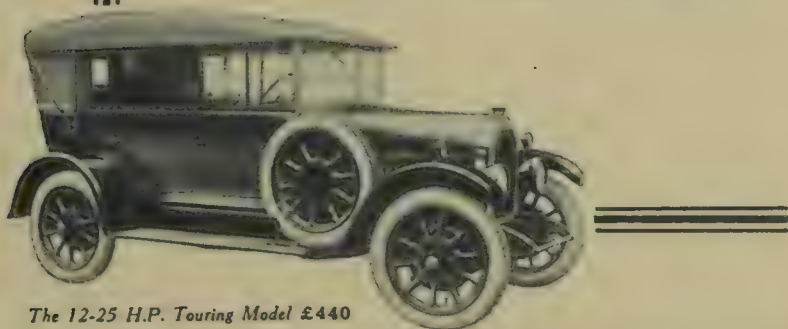
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## ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND HIS SEVENTH CENTENARY.

(Continued from Page 812.)

overthrown at home. With the same inconsequence, the civilisation of excessive production and of frenzied waste allows itself to admire the saint who preached the blessedness of giving alms.

In vain will Cardinal Gasparri ask our century to venerate the saint less and to imitate him more. He is admired in our days just because we can do exactly the contrary of what he preached. There is a spice of profanity in that admiration, as there is in all our admiration of the past; but we must not be too severe on this new sacrilege, because that admiration is the last thread which binds the modern world to the old forgotten doctrines that criticised wealth, just as our admiration of the works of art of our ancestors, sometimes a little naïve, is the last thread which binds us to the beauties of the past. It is necessary that those last threads should not be broken, because, if wealth has almost entirely lost its diabolical power of corruption, it presents for us a new danger, of which our ancestors had no idea: it never absorbed men as it does to-day. One might say that the almost mystical pleasure of producing riches is becoming the predominant passion of our day, in proportion as the other pleasures weaken; and there is no doubt that that fury of production which more and more obsesses the new generation might end by becoming a serious cause of social dissolution.

We will only enumerate two of these dangers with which it menaces us. The first is a political danger. No Government can perform its functions unless there are a sufficient number of persons who are prepared to sacrifice wealth to the honour and responsibility of power. If everyone is only thinking of gaining money, if politics also become a means of enriching oneself, like industry, commerce, or the Stock Exchange, the State will end by falling into the hands of incompetents, if not of adventurers. The danger is especially great in those countries where the hereditary forms of power have disappeared. This is the sickness from which, in a greater or less degree, all democracies suffer. It is one of the causes which in Italy brought

on the grave political crisis of 1922, the consequences of which will long make themselves felt.

After politics, the other great victim of this fury of production that has possessed the peoples appears to be intellectual life. Art, literature, and science must feed the artist, the writer, and the scientist. If they cause their votaries to live in abundance or even enrich them, which has sometimes happened in certain epochs and countries, all

military power is easily attracted to the richer countries, it is not the case with intellectual supremacy. Poetry, philosophy, history, sculpture, architecture, and the sciences of the Western world were cradled in Greece and in the islands of the Ægean Sea—that is to say, in one of the poorest parts of Europe. The other great home of Western culture, the only country in the world which can boast of twenty-five centuries of uninter-

rupted work in all fields of intellectual activity, is Italy, and, from the point of view of natural resources, she is only a moderately endowed country—richer than the poorer countries of Southern Europe, but much less rich than the central European countries. The wonderful Italian artists of the fifteenth century were only workmen, children of the people who lived like the people. It is told of Donatello that he would not wear a velvet suit which had been given him by his great Protector, Cosimo de' Medici, because it was the costume of a superior class. The social and material position of artists in the sixteenth century had improved, but not to any great extent; for Michael Angelo, who was the child of a family of considerable importance, had to fight hard against his parents' opposition in order to become a painter and sculptor. To be a painter and sculptor—was still considered derogatory for a member of a family belonging to the governing class. Michael Angelo only reconciled the development of his genius with the pride of his class by promising to work only for Popes and Governments, never for private individuals. The quality of his clients, not the beauty of his work, was assumed to confer a little dignity on his vile trade. If wealth can assure to us certain benefits, there are others which we can only keep by renouncing

wealth, at least partially. Have we kept a sufficiently clear and strong consciousness of this law, which no epoch can avoid, however powerful it may be? It is doubtful. If St. Francis and the seventh centenary of his death succeed in reviving a little in us the remembrance of that law, they will have rendered us a great service. The naïve and somewhat indiscreet admiration with which we pursue that great man of the past without well understanding him would then become part of the half-incoherent efforts by which our time is endeavouring to find in the past the clue to the future.



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the better. But the originality and vigour of the intellectual production of a country or an epoch have never been in proportion to the revenues of its artists and wise men. It is a great mistake to believe that, in order to multiply *chefs d'œuvre* or discoveries, it suffices to pay more lavishly those who ought to make them. On the contrary, it is to be feared that intellectual culture will decline when the artists and wise men wish to make too much money out of their works. A certain asceticism is necessary for those who wish to serve truth and beauty. If it be true as a general rule that political and

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## TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

WHETHER you like jazz or not is simply a matter of taste and temperament. It is certain that if you do like it you become an enthusiast; and if you don't, then nothing will make you. It is also certain that its eccentricities appeal to a very numerous circle, especially the younger generation who dance, for it is dancing that provides the arrangers and executants of jazz music with most of their employment. But it is a fact that jazz is enormously popular, and the presence in this country of Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, who opened a comprehensive tour at the Royal Albert Hall on the 11th inst., is of particular interest to a large section of the gramophone public, for it gives them an opportunity of hearing the greatest of the American jazz organisations, with whose work it has long been familiar on records, and of seeing Paul Whiteman, the Grand Panjandrum of Jazzdom, at work.

And there is no doubt that it is work, too, that is taken very seriously. Each player is a virtuoso of his instrument, some of three or four. Most have had experience in big symphony orchestras, and Whiteman himself was at one time leading viola player in the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. They can not only play their instruments, but play tricks with them; and, using their extraordinary gifts to the best advantage under the strict discipline of Whiteman, they "put over" their goods in a manner that is little short of marvellous. Whiteman did not invent jazz. He discovered it, realised its possibilities, and orchestrated it.

It was once when Whiteman was feeling very down and out that he first heard a jazz band at an American coast resort. Its rhythm lifted him out of his "blues," made him temporarily happy, and determined him to try to give jazz a technique of its own, so that it would appeal to players who were not only first-class musicians, but also had the instinct for "jazzing" and improvising new effects.

It was disheartening work, and Whiteman had more downs than ups in the quest of his new ideal. Finally he got an engagement to take his band to a New

York hotel. People sat round and listened solemnly and uncomfortably. They didn't understand this sort of music, and the atmosphere got more and more depressing. Then the manager appealed to them, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is jazz—it is to be danced to." And they tried and found that it gripped and fascinated them. Those were the beginnings of what is now a great musical industry. Whiteman has even introduced works such as Gershwin's "Rhapsody



A FUTURE RECRUIT FOR HIS FAMOUS BAND? PAUL WHITEMAN WITH HIS WIFE AND BABY DEMONSTRATING THE IMPORTANCE OF AN EARLY START IN MUSIC.

in Blue," Victor Herbert's "Suite of Serenades," and other works that are not "to be danced to."

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Of outstanding interest are three double-sided records made by the Westminster Abbey "Special Choir" of some 200 men's and boys' voices. These records were taken in the Abbey itself, and reproduce very faithfully the slight echo of the spacious building. The pieces chosen are, "We bow our heads," the finale chorale from Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," a "Gloria" of Weelkes, the motet, "Never Weather-

beaten Sail," by Parry, and an arrangement of the carol, "In Dulce Jubilo." They are superb records, and fine examples of the best type of English choral singing. Two more Wagner items are added to the already imposing list of these records—the "Pilgrims' Chorus," from "Tannhäuser," and the "Fire Music," from the "Valkyrie," the last-named being one of the best examples yet of the electrical recording process. Lucrezia Bori and Tito Schipa have made a very beautiful record of the Death Scene from "Bohème," in which the accompaniment is as fine as the voices. Moisevitich plays Chopin's Scherzo, Op. 31, and Mark Hambourg the Finale of Beethoven's C Major Sonata, coupled with the most popular of Rachmaninoff's Preludes (the C Sharp Minor). Goss-Custard makes his gramophone debut with a fine organ record of the Toccata from Widor's Symphony in F minor, and Bach's "Fugue à la Gigue."

"COLUMBIA."

There are two big works on this month's list. The first of these is Vaughan Williams's "London Symphony," recorded complete on six double-sided records by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Sir Dan Godfrey. In this the composer has attempted to express the "essence" of London. The motto theme is that of the Westminster Chimes, and the Symphony shows London in all its moods. In the Scherzo we have a representation of Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. An album is presented with each set of these records.

The London String Quartet has recorded Beethoven's Quartet in E minor on four double-sided records, in which the tone and ensemble are very good indeed. Dame Clara Butt has two songs—"Ships of my dreams" and "Soft-Footed Snow," trifles for such a wonderful voice. There are several records of "The Student Prince" made by the original artists from the production at His Majesty's Theatre, including, of course, the famous "Drinking Song."

Both companies issue very full dance lists, including "Valencia," the one-step that has sold in greater quantities, it is reported, than any dance record ever made in this country. STYLUS.

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## OLD TRADES AND NEW KNOWLEDGE.

(Continued from Page 810.)

that each of the grains is a crystal. The X-rays show us much of the crystalline details, by the aid of which knowledge we can start our sketch of the hardening process further back.

Iron can exist in more than one form; it can possess either of two crystalline arrangements. It should, perhaps, be pointed out that crystals do not necessarily show the bright and regular faces of a piece of quartz or of sugar-candy. The essential feature of a crystal is the regularity of the arrangement of the atoms of which it is made: but the surface may be irregular when the inside is regular. So a piece of iron is really crystalline when it does not appear to be so; but it generally consists of a very large number of separate small crystals, some of which appear as the "grains" of the illustration.

In one of its forms the iron atoms are so piled together quite regularly that each atom has eight neighbours. This is its form at ordinary temperature; in this form it is magnetic. But where the iron is raised to a bright red heat, the atoms rearrange themselves and pack a little tighter; each atom has now twelve neighbours. When a wire has been

heated sufficiently to take the second form, and is allowed to cool, it expands slightly, as it passes through the critical point, and *vice versa*, as the illustration shows. In the second form it is not magnetic. Steel consists of iron with a small percentage of carbon. The carbon atoms are distributed among the iron atoms, generally filling up interstices, or forming small crystals of cementite, which is a compound of the two elements.

It is not generally known that a single crystal of a metal is usually very weak; the fact is that the regular arrangement of the atoms allows slip to occur on certain planes. For instance, if the atomic arrangements of iron in the second form, or of aluminium, which also has this form, are as shown in section in the picture on p. 811, slip occurs easily along such planes as cut the plane of the paper in the dotted lines; but not along such a direction as the firm line *A B*. An ordinary sheet of aluminium consists of numbers of crystals, the slip planes of which point in different directions, and the sheet is stiff because in whatever direction one tries to make it give, there are many crystals the slip planes of which do not lie in that direction. But it has been shown recently that under proper treatment the many crystals can all

be rearranged and made into one, and then the sheet is so soft that it can be bent with finger and thumb, or flicked double as in the figure. The strength of a chain is that of its weakest link.

Any interference with the regularity of the crystal, such as breaking up into small crystals, the pressure of stronger atoms, or of minute crystalline compounds such as cementite, or the slight distortions of the crystal due to strain, makes the material hard, because it makes slipping difficult; and the yielding of a metal is due to a combination of slippings. The carbon in the steel is apt to interfere in this way. When the steel is at a high temperature, and the iron in it has the second form, the carbon content is arranged or arranges itself conveniently to that form. When the steel is plunged into cold water, the iron takes the first form so quickly that the carbon has no time to fit in with the new arrangement, and so makes it difficult for the slip planes to act when distorting force is brought to bear. So the steel is hard.

This very brief and imperfect sketch may help to illustrate the fascinating complexity of the metal problems and the considerations that must be taken into account if the actual processes of manufacture are to be understood and followed.



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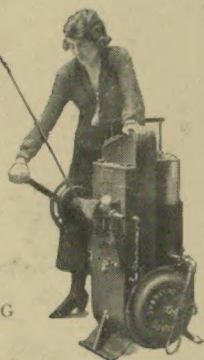
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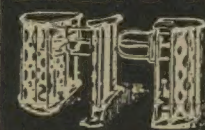
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ROSE MACAULAY'S brilliant New NOVEL

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"CREWE TRAIN" owes its title to the old song, "*Oh, Mister Porter, whatever shall I do? I want to go to Birmingham, but they've sent me on to Crewe.*" It is the story of a young woman fitted by nature and tastes to be nothing but an idle, selfish and solitary loafer, addicted to no industries but physical adventure, and disliking company, who is trapped by circumstances and affections into a life of social industries and amenities, conversation, culture, matrimony and motherhood, all unsuitable avocations for her temperament.

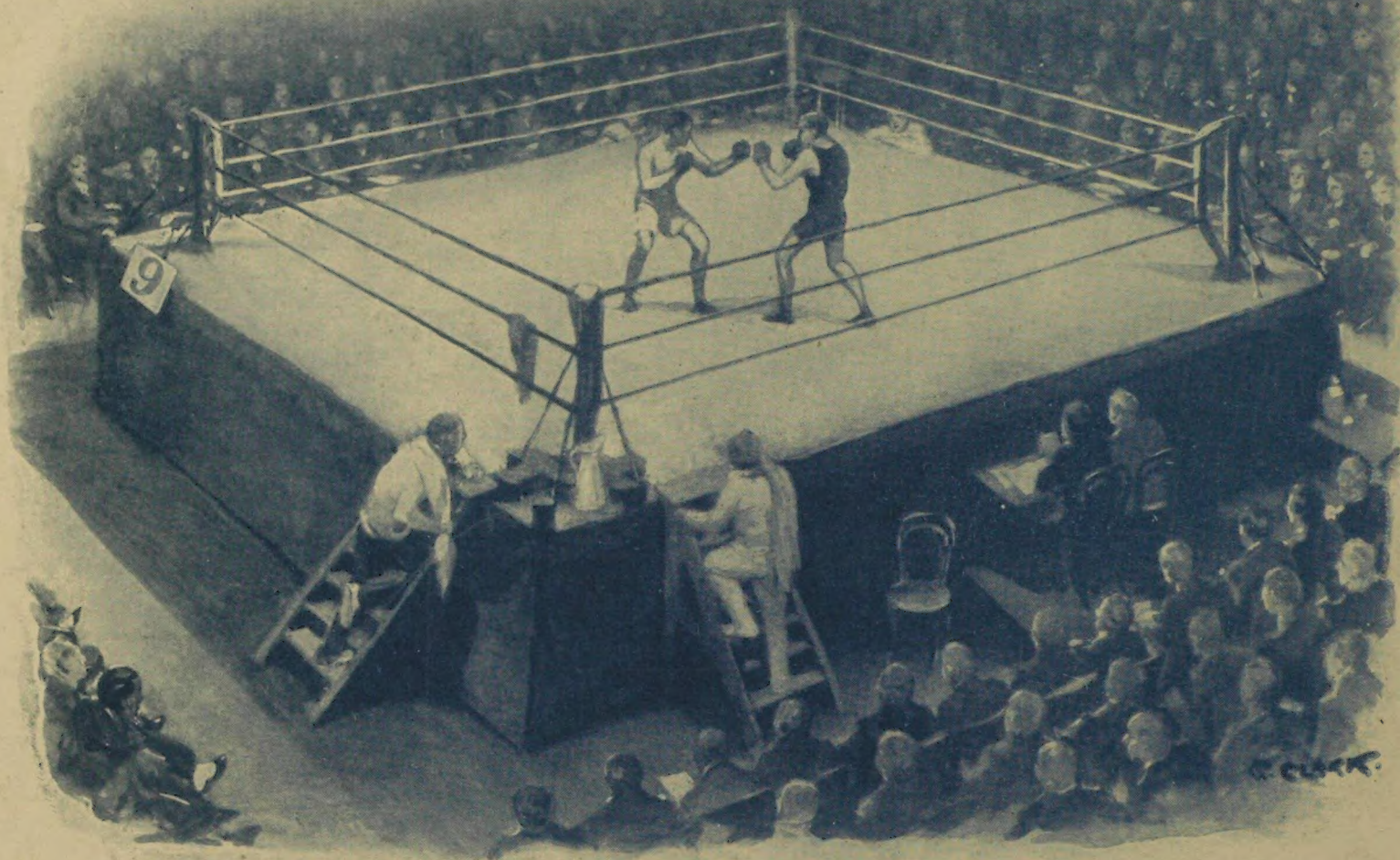
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Prior to the war, the A.B.A. periodically sent representative teams to France, Denmark, Holland and America; and since the war no less than twenty-nine nations have formed Boxing Associations which are affiliated to the International Amateur Boxing Federation and conform with rules founded upon those of the A.B.A.

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